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THE ARTIST IN THE COUNTRY. BY WINSLOW HOMER.

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"  
"THE BROWNINGES," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.—THE WILL.

THERE was great consternation in the family when this sudden misfortune came upon it. All the bustling household from the cottage overflowed into the Manor, in the excitement of the unlooked-for event; and the eldest and the youngest son came as fast as the telegraph could summon them to their father's bedside. During the two or three days of his illness the three young men all wandered about the place, as young men do when there is fatal illness in a house—useless—not liking to go about their usual employments, and not knowing what else to do. They took silent walks up and down to the river, and cast wistful looks at the boats, and dropped now and then into ordinary conversation, only to break off and pull themselves up with contrition when they remembered. They were very good sons, and felt their father's danger, and would have done any thing for him; but there are no special arts of occupation made for men in such circumstances. The only alternative the poor boys had was to resort to their ordinary pleasures, or to do nothing; and they did nothing, as that was the most respectful thing to do—and were as dispirited and miserable as most would desire.

On the last day of all, they were called up together to their father's death-bed. He had known from the first that he was going to die; and Mrs. Westbury, who was his principal nurse, and a very kind and patient one, had felt that her brother had something on his mind. More than once she had exhorted him to have it out and relieve himself; but he had always turned his face to the wall when she made this proposition. It was a close, warm, silent afternoon when the boys were called up-stairs; a brooding calm, like that which comes before a thunder-storm; a yellow light was all over the sky, and the birds were fluttering about with a frightened, stealthy look, knowing it was coming. Even the leaves about the open windows shook with a terrified rustling—clinging, as it were, to the human walls to give them support in this crisis of Nature. The light was yellow in the sick-room, for the patient would not have the day excluded, as it is proper to do. He looked like an old man on his bed, though he was not old. The reflection of lurid colors tinged the ashen face with yellow. He called them to him, and looked at them all with keen anxiety in his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I'm going, boys;—it's unexpected, but one has to give in. I hope you'll all do well. If you don't do well, I'll get no rest in my grave."

"Don't you trust us, father?" cried Ben, who was the eldest, with a thickness in his voice. "We'll do as you have done. That will be our guide. And don't think of us—think of yourself now."

"You can't do as I have done," said the father; "I started different. Perhaps it is too late now. Laurie, you'll not blame me? And, Frank, my boy, it won't make so much difference to you. Frank's but a boy, and Laurie's very soft-hearted," he said, as if to himself.

"Then it is me you are afraid of, father?" said Ben, whose face darkened in spite of himself. "If I have done any thing to make you distrust me, God knows I did not mean it. Believe me now."

"The boy does not know," said Mr. Renton to himself, in a confused way; and then he added more loudly: "I don't distrust you. You've always been a good lad; but it's hard on you—ay, it's hard on Ben—very hard;—I wonder if I should have done it!" said the dying man. They could get very little out of him as they stood round his bed, grave, sorrowful, and bewildered, looking for other words, for another kind of leave-taking. He bade them no farewell, but mused and murmured on about something he had done; and that it would be hard on Ben. It was not the kind of scene—of conscious farewell and tender adieu—the last words of the dying father, which we are so often told of; but perhaps it was a more usual state of mind at such a moment. His intelligence was lost in mist, from the coming end—energy enough to be coherent had forsaken him. He could do nothing but go over in his enfeebled mind the last great idea that had taken possession of him. "Your mother had nothing to do with it," he said; "she knows no more than you do. And

don't think badly of me. It has all been so sudden. How was I to know that a week after—is it a week?—without any time to think, I should have to die? It's very strange—very strange," he added, in a tone of musing, as if he were himself a spectator; "to go right away, you know, from one's business, that one understands—to—"

Then he paused, and they all paused with him, gazing, wondering, penetrated to the heart with that suggestion. Frank, who was the youngest, wept aloud. Mary Westbury, behind the curtain at one side of the bed, busied herself, noiselessly, in smoothing the bed-clothes, and arranging the drapery, so as to shade the patient's eyes, with trembling hand, and trembling lips, and tears that dropped silently down her white cheeks. These two being the youngest, were the most overcome. But there was no hardness or coldness about the bedside of the prosperous man. They had all perfect faith in him, and no fear that he was going out of the world leaving any thorns in their path. His words seemed to them as dreams. What should they think badly of him? What would they ever have to forgive him? There had never been any mystery in the house, and it was easier to think their father's mind was affected by the approach of death than to believe in any mystery now.

Mr. Renton died that night, and it was on a very sad and silent house that the moon rose—the same moon which he had watched shining on Laurie's boat. Mrs. Renton, poor soul, shut herself up in her room, taking refuge in illness, as had been her habit all her life, with Mary nursing and weeping over her. Aunt Lydia, worn out with watching, went to bed as soon as "all was over." The lads were left alone. They huddled together in the library when all the shutters had been closed, and one lamp alone burned dimly on the table—only last night there had still been floods of light and great windows open to the sky. They gathered about the table together, not knowing what to do—nothing could be done that night. It was too soon to talk of plans, and of their altered life. They could not read any thing that would have amused their minds; that would have been a sin against the proprieties of grief; so the poor fellows gathered round the dim lamp, and tried to talk, with now and then something that choked them climbing into their throats.

"Have you any idea what he could mean by that—about me—about it being hard?" said Ben, resting his head on both his hands, and gazing steadfastly with two dilated eyes into the light of the lamp.

"I don't think he could mean any thing," said Laurie, "unless it was the responsibility. What else could it be?"

"There must always have been the responsibility," said Ben. "He spoke as if it was something more."

"His mind was wandering," said Laurie; and then there was a long pause. It was broken by Frank with a sudden outburst.

"Ben, you'll be awfully good to poor mamma," cried the boy; "she can't bear things as we can." The two elder ones held their breath tightly when Frank's sob disturbed the quiet;—they were too much men to sob with him—and yet there came that convulsive contraction of the throat. The only thing to be done was to grasp each other's hand silently, not daring to look into each other's faces, and to go to bed—to take refuge in darkness and solitude, and that soft oblivion of sleep, universal asylum of humanity, to which one gains access so easily when one is young! Stealthily, on tiptoe, each one of Mr. Renton's sons paid a secret visit to the dimly-lighted room, all shrouded and covered, with faint puffs of night air stealing in like spirits through the shuttered windows, where their father lay all quiet and at rest. True tears—genuine sorrow was in all their hearts, and yet—

As each went away with a heart strained and exhausted by the first outburst of grief, something of the new life beyond, something that breathed vaguely across them in the dark, like the air from the window, filled the impatient human souls within them. The one idea could not retain undisturbed possession even so long as that. The world itself could no more stand still, poisoning itself in its vast orbit, than the spirits of its inhabitants. It was not that Ben thought of his new wealth, or Laurie of his future freedom; but only that a thrill of the future passed through them, as they stood for this melancholy moment by the death-bed of their past.

Five days passed thus, each of them feeling like a year. Duty and propriety kept the young men in-doors, in the languid stillness, or, if they went out at all, it was only for a disconsolate stroll through

the grounds, on which, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, they would set out together, saying little. The funeral relieved them from the painful artificiality of this seclusion. When they met together after it, it was with faces in which there was neither fear nor hope, that the sons of the dead man appeared. Their father had always been just to them and kind, and they had no reason to expect that he could have been otherwise in the last act of his life. The persons present were Mrs. Renton, Mrs. Westbury, her children Mary and Lawrence, and the three Renton boys; with the lawyer, Mr. Ponsonby, and his clerk, and a few old friends of the family, who had just accompanied them from the grave. They all took their places with a certain aspect of expectation. He might have left a few legacies, more or less, but nobody could doubt what would be the disposal of his principal property. The ladies sat together, a heap of mournful crepe, at one end of the room. The whole company was quiet, and languid, and trustful. There was neither excitement nor anxiety in any one's mind—unless, indeed, it was that of Mr. Ponsonby, who did not look at his ease. For the first quarter of an hour he did nothing but clear his throat; then he had a blind pulled up, that he might have light to read with; then he pulled it down, because of a gleam of sun that stole in and worried him. His task was such that he did not like to begin it, or to go through it when began. But with the obtuseness of people who have not their attention directed to a subject, nobody noticed his confusion—he had a cold, no doubt, which made him clear his throat—he was always fidgety—they were not suspicious, and found nothing out.

"I ought to explain first," said Mr. Ponsonby, "I promised my excellent friend and client—my late excellent client—to make a little explanation before I read what must be a painful document, in some points of view. Mr. Ben Renton, I believe your father was particularly anxious that it should be explained for you. He sent for me suddenly last week. It was, alas! only on Friday morning that I came here by his desire. He wanted certain arrangements made. Boys," said Mr. Ponsonby, who was an old friend, turning round upon them, "I give you my solemn word, had I known how little time he would have lived to think it over, or change again, if necessary, I should never have had any hand in it—nor would he—nor would he. Had he thought his time was running so short, he would have made no change."

Then ensued a little movement among the boys, which showed how correct their father's opinion of all the three had been. Frank bent forward with a little wonder in his face, poising in his fingers a paper-knife he had picked up, and looked calmly on as a spectator; Laurie only woke up as it were from another train of thought, and turned his eyes with a certain mild regret toward the lawyer; Ben alone, moved out of his composure, rose up and faced the man, who held, as it seemed, their fate in his hands. "Whatever my father planned will no doubt be satisfactory to us," he said firmly. "You forget that we are ignorant what change was made."

Mr. Ponsonby shook his grizzled head. "It was a great change that was made," he said; "but I will not waste your time with further explanation. As you say, what your excellent father arranged, will, I hope, be satisfactory to you all."

He began to read now, but to an audience much more interested than at first. There was, of course, a long technical preamble, to which Ben listened breathlessly, his lips slightly moving with immobility, and a hot color on his cheeks, and then the real matter in question came.

"Having been led much to think in recent days of the difference between my sons' education and my own, and having in addition a strong sense that without energy no man ever made any mark in this world, I have made up my mind, after much reflection, to postpone the distribution of my property among my children until seven years from the date of my death. In the mean time I appoint my executors to receive all my income and resources from whatever sources—rents, interest on stock, mortgages, and all other investments, as afterward described—and to hold them in trust, accumulating at interest, until the seventh anniversary of my death, when my first will and testament, which I have deposited in the hands of Mr. Ponsonby, shall be read, and my property distributed according to the stipulations therein contained.

"It is also my desire, and I hereby request my said executors to pay to my sons respectively a yearly allowance of two hundred pounds. I do this with the object of affording to my boys the opportunity of

working their own way, and developing their own characters in a struggle with the world, such as every one of their kindred, from the earliest time, has had to do, and has done, with a success of which their own present position is a proof. If they shrink from the trial I put upon them, they will be the first of their name who have ever done so. As to the final distribution of the property, in order that no untimely revelation may be made, I request my executors to retain my will in their possession unopened until the day I have mentioned—the seventh anniversary of my decease."

Up to this moment all the audience had listened breathless, with a mixture of wonder, dismay, and alarm, to this extraordinary document. It is a mild statement of the case to say that it took them by surprise. The boys themselves rose up one after the other to hear the shock which came upon them so unexpectedly, and heard it like men, holding their breath, and clenching their hands to give no outward expression. Ben was the foremost of the three, and it was with him that the struggle was hardest. His pride was wounded to the quick, and it was strong within him. He was wounded too in his love and respect for his father, of whose justice and goodness he had never for a moment till now entertained a doubt. And then he was ruined—so he thought. For the first moment he was stunned by the blow. Seven years! Half a man's life—half of the brightest part of his life—the flower and cream of his existence. By this time dreams had begun to steal into his heart unawares—dreams half inarticulate of the life which his father's heir, the reigning Renton of Renton, would naturally lead, tinged with all tender regrets, and loyal to all memories, but still his own life, master of himself and his lands, and the position his forefathers had made for him. It was not possible that he should be unaware that few young men in England would be better endowed, or have a better start in the world than he. Every thing was open to him—a political career, if he chose, the power of wealth, the thrill of independence, and all the hopes of happiness which move a young man. Even while these visions formed in his mind, they were struck by this sharp stroke of reality, and faded away. He grew pale; the muscles tightened round his mouth; a heavy damp came on his forehead. At one time the room reeled round with him—a mist of pale, eager faces, through which that monotonous voice rose. He was the foremost, and he did not see his brothers. He did not even think of them, it must be confessed. The blow was hardest to him, and he thought of himself.

When, however, the reading reached the point at which we have stopped, Mrs. Westbury, forgetting herself, rose up and rushed to the boys, with a sudden burst of sobs. "Forgive me!" she cried, wildly. "Oh, boys, forgive me! I will never more forgive myself!"

At this interruption Mr. Ponsonby stopped, and all the spectators turned round surprised. Then nature appeared in the three young men. Ben made her a little imperative gesture with his hand. "Aunt Lydia, you have nothing to do with it," he said; "don't interrupt us. We must not detain our friends." Laurie, for his part, took her hand, and drew it through his arm. "We can have nothing to forgive you," he said, compassionately supporting her, having more insight than the rest. Frank, glad for his boyish part to be relieved from this tension of interest by any incident, went and fetched her a chair. "Hush," he said, as the sound of her sobbing died into a half-terrified stillness. And thus they heard it out to the end.

The interruption did them all good. It dispersed the haze of bewilderment that had gathered round the young men. The dust of the ruins falling round them might have blinded them but for this sudden call back to themselves. When all was over, Ben had so far recovered himself as to speak, though his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"We are much obliged to you all for joining us to-day," he said; "I am sure you will excuse my mother, and indeed all of us. She is never very strong. Mr. Ponsonby, I know you are anxious to get back to town."

"But, Ben, my dear fellow, said one of the party, stepping forward and grasping his hand, 'stop a little. It is not any want of respect to your excellent father, but it must have been disease, you know. Such things happen every day. You will not accept this extraordinary rigmarole. He must have been out of his mind!'"

"We are quite satisfied with my father's will; thanks," said Ben, proudly, though with a quiver of his lip, and he looked round for the first time at his brothers. "Quite satisfied," said Laurie, once more, with that look of compassion which seemed uncalled for at the mo-



ment, when he himself was one of the chief persons to be compassionated. "Quite satisfied," echoed Frank, steadily, with wonder in his eyes. Then Mr. Ponsonby interposed.

"Mr. Renton was of perfectly sound mind when he executed this document," he said; "I was with him nearly all day, and went through a great deal of business. I never saw him more clear and business-like. On that point nothing can be said."

"Nothing must be said on any point," said Ben, quickly. "My brothers and myself are satisfied. My father had a perfect right—I would rather not enter into the subject. We are much obliged to our friends all the same."

And thus all remark was peremptorily cut short. The neighbors dispersed, carrying all over the country the news of poor Renton's extraordinary will; of how he must have lost his head; and that Ben and the other boys were Quixotic enough not to dispute it. It was monomania, people said; and everybody knew that monomaniacs were sound on all points but one. Before nightfall there had arisen a body of evidence to prove that Mr. Renton had long been mad on this subject. One man remembered something he had said on one occasion, and another man on a second. He had been mad about his family; and the boys must be mad, too, to bear it. These reports, however, did not break the stillness which had fallen on the manor—a stillness almost more blank than that of death. The sobs of two women, one weeping faintly over her boys' disappointment, the other wildly in self-reproach, were the only sounds that disturbed the calm of the house. The boys themselves were stunned, and for that day, at least, had not the heart to say a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BELLA'S DEFEAT.

"BELLA!"

"Well, aunt?"

"Don't talk so loud, my love—you are attracting too much attention."

Bella shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear me, is that all? I suppose you mean that crew of donkeys over there? Really, I don't mind them."

The donkeys referred to were a number of flashily-dressed men, with dyed mustaches—creatures always to be found at watering-places, and especially at Cape May. They were ogling Miss Bella in a free-and-easy sort of way, but the young lady—a thorough representative of the light-hearted "girl of the period"—was not in the least annoyed.

"Drive on a little farther, John," said Bella's aunt, and the carriage moved up the beach, which was vivified with bathers, promenaders, and carriages—all under a blue sky and plenty of sunshine.

Bella Vernon, an heiress and an orphan, under the care of her aunt, Miss Mortimer, had come down to Cape May to pass a portion of the summer, previous to visiting Long Branch. Bella had been "out" three seasons—had gone through the yearly programme of parties—the operas, etc.—had jilted half a dozen lovers, and was in that state of supreme independence and self-possession which so astonishes foreigners, and leads them to form very peculiar notions of American women. Bella was charming, and knew it; she was wealthy, and never forgot it; she had every thing which, according to the world's idea, makes a woman perfectly happy. Yet, she was not happy. After rattling through a whole day and evening of gayety, she would lie awake and sometimes weep a little, and feel extremely lonely. Her thoughts would revert to her half-dozen rejected suitors, for when a woman has nothing better to do, she *thinks*. Bella firmly believed that she had been shamefully treated by these lovers; but the truth of the case was, she was the one who had changed. "Oh, shall I never meet one who will love me faithfully?" whimpered Bella. Yes, *ma chère*, there are plenty of true, brave hearts, who love sincerely, but they are not to be found in your "set," Bella, which is composed of young men who dispense everlasting small-talk, and who never suffer from enlargement of the heart.

Bella found the world of fashion pleasant, because it flattered her. Under the care of her aunt, Miss Mortimer, she was likely to become utterly *blase* and worldly. She flirted outrageously, and seemed to take delight in making "the fellows" miserable. In short,

Bella was spoiled. Her aunt was a foolish, good-hearted woman, easily flattered, whose care of her niece was any thing but beneficial. The two went fluttering like butterflies through the excitement of the seasons, quite indifferent as to the remarks their independence caused. Bella was considered by staid mammas wild, but her position in society was assured, and she was simply called dashing and eccentric. Being always surrounded by the fashionable young men, she was so unpopular among the girls that she had not even one female friend. This, however, did not distress Bella, who found gentlemen's society infinitely preferable to that of ladies. So the summer days at Cape May passed; and Bella and her aunt, between the bathing hour and the hop, found enough to dispel any unnecessary amount of ennui.

It was during the bathing-hour that Bella, leaning lazily back in the carriage, assured her aunt that she did not mind being looked at. Miss Mortimer, however, seeing the social status of the males in question, thought it best to withdraw her beautiful niece from their cool inspection. Bella laughed heartily as the carriage moved on.

"Dear me, aunt," she said, "how timid we are getting! I thought we liked to be admired. I am sure they were looking at you."

"Bella, how can you talk so?"

Bella yawned.

"I wish I could talk sensibly," she said, thoughtfully, after a moment. "I wish I knew one sensible man."

"There is Mr. Grandville."

"Mr. Grandville! An idiot almost!"

"Or Mr. Avery."

"Worse still. They say he poisoned his wife."

"Bella, don't repeat that dreadful scandal!"

"I can't help it, aunt; it was you who told me all about it. Oh, dear, I feel stupid this morning! Oh, the hop last night! That little goose, Martin, wanted me to promenade on the piazza with him, and actually attempted to propose; I believe I went almost to sleep while he was trying to do so. Oh, aunt, look at that big man flopping around in the water like a porpoise. Here comes that stupid Mr. Grandville.—How do you do. Lovely day, isn't it? Why ain't you in bathing? I want to see you swim.—Auntie, do coax Mr. Grandville to go in bathing, won't you?—Are you afraid of taking cold, Mr. Grandville? Too much trouble? A wave might carry you out too far? So it might. Must go? Good-by!—Auntie, there goes your sensible man. I wish you joy of him."

Miss Mortimer was too well accustomed to these tirades to make any remark; and Bella, after yawning again, continued pathetically:

"Aunt Mary, I shall die young—I know I shall."

"What nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense, but it's the truth. Heigh-ho! There, I am not going to be gloomy any more. Here come your admirers, auntie; what lovely dyed mustaches they have! I wonder if I could gamble?"

Oh, Bella, Bella! A girl of twenty, yet knowing so much! Where was that childlike innocence which is the most beautiful trait in the character of a young girl?

"Auntie, did you ever gamble? No? It seems to me I should like to learn. I wonder if we couldn't have one of those creatures to teach me how? I can't exist unless I have some excitement all the time, and this place is so *stupid*!"

"Bella," said Miss Mortimer, in languid astonishment, "what ails you to-day?"

"I don't know. I've got the blues. There, look at that!"

This remark was occasioned by the sudden flight into the surf of a fan which Bella had been energetically swinging around. A young man who was sauntering past, made a dash into the retreating wave which was carrying off the fan, and succeeded in wetting his feet, but recovered the article. He wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, and handed it to Bella, who, finding him unusually handsome, smiled graciously.

"Thank you," she said. "It wasn't worth the trouble. I am so sorry you got your feet wet! I wish I had a pair of shoes to lend you."

The young man looked slightly surprised at the familiarity with which she addressed him, bowed, and passed on, followed by what Bella intended should be another gracious smile, but which faded suddenly when she saw that she had made no impression upon him.



She lay back in the carriage and pouted, scarcely heeding Miss Mortimer's remark about improper familiarity with people she did not know. For once in a long time, Bella's vanity was hurt. She was accustomed to have men regard her with frank admiration, and when a new-comer failed to do so, she immediately felt slighted.

"I think it is time to go back to the hotel," she said, briefly.

"It's too soon, Bella."

"No matter if it is. Take us back to the hotel, John."

Bella's will was law, and the carriage moved. As it did so, the young man who picked up the fan passed again, without even as much as a glance toward the carriage, although Bella burst into one of those laughs which young ladies indulge in when they wish to attract attention, and at the same time appear unconscious of any one but the other young lady to whom they are talking. Finding the young man did not take the least notice of her, Bella became sulky, while Miss Mortimer, who understood every thing that was going on, thought: "She is getting worse every day. She must be married as soon as possible."

The piazza of the hotel was deserted; so Bella went up to her room, put on a walking-costume, and appeared before her astonished aunt in the parlor.

"Bella," she exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"Out for a tramp. Don't send those boobies after me, or I'll never forgive you."

"But, you are not going alone?"

"Why not? There, don't look so grumpy. I'll be back soon."

Miss Mortimer sank back, resignedly.

"Very well," she said, "but I must say—"

"Don't say any thing. Good-by! To the beach!"

And off she went, avoiding the crowd, and sauntering on very much like a cat in search of a mouse. She was angry, very angry. She had met a man who refused to take any notice of her, and she was consequently on the war-path—determined to make him acknowledge her power! That was settled, and now *marchons!*

On she went in the direction she had noticed he took, but he was not to be seen. The beach was becoming lonely, and any thing but attractive to a fashionable young lady. Bella looked around in dismay. She had gone farther than she intended. At the same time, she uttered a little scream as a fiddler-crab came scrambling over the sand, and she made a quick, violent movement to avoid the creature, and fell. A sharp pain shot through her foot, she attempted to rise, but sank back with a moan. She had sprained her ankle.

"I've done it now!" she said, coolly. "I should like to know how I am to get back to the hotel."

She managed to limp to a dry bank of sand, and looked around courageously, for Bella was no girl of milk-and-water temperament. Nothing was to be seen but the dreary stretch of sand. Nothing was to be heard but the roar of the surf, which broke into foam and crept to her feet.

Bella looked at her watch. It was nearly one o'clock. "I shan't be able to dress for dinner to-day, that's sure," she thought, "and poor Aunt Mary will think I have been drowned, or something equally awful."

She made another effort to walk, but the pain was so intense that she felt faint. "A stimulant would come in pretty well now," thought Bella, and again she looked around—this time more anxiously. Her eyes brightened, she beheld a figure looming up in the distance. It was a man! Bella waved her handkerchief; he saw the signal, quickened his steps, and was soon by her side.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, my foot—sprained—can't move," gasped Bella, the pain becoming more intense, and she looked up.

The young man who had rescued her fan from the surf stood before her.

The recognition was mutual, but did not seem to please him, for he drew back slightly, and hesitated.

"Why does he dislike me?" thought Bella, and she immediately set about to conquer his aversion by that useful and effective resort—tears.

"Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do?" she sobbed; "I cannot walk—"

"I will go for assistance," was the reply, and he made a movement to decamp, but Bella caught him by the coat.

"No, no," she moaned "you musn't leave me, I shall faint;" and,

firmly resolved the young man *should* support her, she sank back on the sand. Of course, what could he do but raise her, and let her head lean on his shoulder, which very improper proceeding seemed to charm Bella so much that she revived slowly. When she did, she fixed her beautiful eyes upon him, and, in the full consciousness that he was extremely handsome, she murmured:

"I am so sorry to trouble you."

"Pray, don't mention it," he replied, with heightened color, feeling any thing but comfortable. "But, you must not remain here."

"No, of course not. But, what can I do? It is impossible to walk, Mr.—Mr.—what is your name?"

"Morris, George Morris. There is a cottage only a short distance off, where I board, and, if you will permit, I will—"

"Will what?"

"I will—carry you there."

He lowered his eyes and blushed. Bella regarded him curiously.

"What a modest creature it is!" she thought, remembering the time when a certain Adolphus had carried her from the sleigh over the snow to the house—or—but Bella thought no farther.

"You are very kind, Mr. Morris," she said, tranquilly, "and I suppose we had better adopt your plan, only please pick me up gently."

Imagine the feelings of a modest man when about to carry a strange young lady in broad daylight. George was one of the most noble-hearted fellows that ever lived, but timid before women, so that, although he raised her in his strong arms as if she were a child, his knees felt extremely weak, as he moved in the direction he had mentioned.

"Am I very heavy?" asked Bella, confidentially and sweetly.

"No," he replied, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I am so glad. Oh, how my ankle hurts! What would I have done if you had not come?"

"I am glad to be able to serve you," he answered, striding on, but Bella felt that the words were uttered coldly, and it set her to thinking, so that she did not look up until they had reached the cottage.

"Here is a patient for you, Mrs. Brown," called George, entering the house, and depositing his burden in an arm-chair. "I will go for the doctor," and off he went, before Bella could thank him. A jolly old lady bustled in, and soon made her patient as comfortable as she could, and then Bella commenced a series of questions about George. Who was he? Mrs. Brown overflowed in laudation. He was such a noble young man, a clerk in a Philadelphia business house, quite poor, and very proud. "Indeed!" thought Bella. Mrs. Brown endeavored to explain that Mr. Morris had no mean pride, that he was always doing kind actions, that he had helped her when in trouble, and had—

"That will do," interrupted Bella, beginning to tire of hearing such praise bestowed upon the young man who had treated her so cavalierly, and she fell to musing, until she heard the wheels of a carriage at the door, and Miss Mortimer in an hysterical state entered the room, accompanied by the doctor.

"For Heaven's sake, auntie, don't ask any questions or scold me now!" cried Bella, impatiently.—"Good-morning, doctor. You will have to carry me to the carriage.—Good-by, Mrs. Brown, and many, many thanks for your kindness."

She extended her hand to the old lady, and spoke loudly, hoping Mr. Morris might be within hearing, and was then lifted into the carriage, which was about to move, when Bella suddenly asked:

"Where is Mr. Morris?"

The doctor explained that he had not returned with them.

Bella said, "Ah!" then added dryly, "Drive on, John," and the carriage rolled away.

Bella's sprain was not serious, and kept her in her room for a couple of days only, after which she appeared in a basket-chair on the piazza, a beautiful and interesting invalid. During the hours she had passed in her room, she had thought deeply, and finally reached a climax by opening a diary in which were to be entered Bella's secret thoughts about men and things. The following are specimens:

July 20.—Some men seem to take delight in being as disagreeable as they can. For my part, I don't care how they act, but I must say that *some* of them are very rude. That disagreeable creature,

called George Morris, who carried me to Mrs. Brown's cottage—but, pahaw! why should I think about the occurrence?

July 21.—The more I think about Mr. Morris's rude conduct, the more I am displeased with it. Common politeness required that I should thank him, yet the spiteful animal kept out of my sight.

July 22.—George Morris [here the name was scratched out and the diary continued], I overheard Mrs. Eversleigh say the other evening that "I was the wildest girl she had ever met." I wonder—[what followed was erased].

"Auntie," Bella said to Miss Mortimer, several days afterward, "I think I will take a little walk—alone, I mean." This was added with emphasis.

"Bella, my dear, pray don't! Your ankle—"

"It is strong enough now."

"But you may—"

"Fall? No—I shall not fall again."

This was said with a tinge of bitterness.

"Bella, how changed you are becoming!"

"Am I, aunt?"

"Yes, you are more quiet, and, I must say, I like you all the better for it."

"Thank you, aunt."

"Now, my dear, to make your reformation complete, I shall look you up a husband."

"Reformation? Have I been so wild as that?"

"Well, y-e-s. There, now, you are angry."

"Oh, no. Have I done any thing a young lady should not do?"

"N-o—that is, not yet—but you are so—so—"

"So bold, I suppose."

"I don't like to call it by that name, Bella, but I think it amounts to that. I have tried to tell you about it, dear, but you did not seem to listen or like it—until— You see, the men are afraid of girls who can stare them out of countenance, and who seem to lack that virtue which is a girl's best attraction—modesty. You are not angry now, Bella, for your eyes, like mine, are filled with tears. My dear, I promised your father I would be your guide, your loving friend, but until now, Bella, I have feared to speak thus, lest you should laugh at my advice and grow wilder. You have a good heart, my darling, and now that I have caught you in your humor, you will think of what I have said—will you not?—and you will profit by it?"

"Yes, aunt, yes."

And Bella quietly went up to her room. For some time she sat motionless. Then she put on her walking-costume, and wended her way—where? From a distance the cottage she was approaching looked very much like Mrs. Brown's, and when that jolly old woman came out to receive her visitor, there was no longer any doubt of it. Mrs. Brown welcomed her cordially, "Mr. Morris will be so glad to see you," she said, while bidding Bella sit in the arm-chair, "and I'll make you a glass of lemonade.—Mr. Morris, Mr. Morris," she called, as she bustled out, "come down!"

A step was heard descending the little stair, and Mr. Morris, calmly smoking a pipe, appeared.

He changed color on seeing Bella, and extinguished the pipe; then, recovering his self-possession, came forward, with politeness which was somewhat forced, and hoped Miss Vernon was well.

"He knows my name," thought Bella. "Good! he has been inquiring about me."

She replied: "Better, Mr. Morris, but not well yet. Don't let me keep you standing. Mrs. Brown is making me a lemonade."

He sat down near her.

"Have you been here long, Miss Vernon?" he asked, feeling he must say something.

"I have this moment arrived," she replied, wilfully misunderstanding him. "I have come to see you, Mr. Morris."

She could not help blushing slightly as she spoke.

"Me?" he said, surprised.

"Yes. Since you would not come to inquire after my health, I—"

"I beg your pardon, I did—that is—not directly, but—"

"Why not directly, Mr. Morris?"

"I had no desire to intrude."

"There is something more than that. Shall I tell you what it is? You do not like me."

He made a deprecating motion.

"You cannot deny it," she said. He did not answer.

"You think me rude—wild—I suppose?" she inquired, blushing so deeply that it must have caused her pain.

"Why force me to make unnecessary confessions?" he replied. "My like or dislike cannot affect you."

"I would rather hear your opinion, for all that," she continued, steadily.

Still, he did not answer. With a sudden movement she looked him full in the face.

"Mr. Morris," she said, "I believe you are good and honorable. I am a young girl who has never known what it is to have the love and protection of a mother. I am an orphan, left to the care of my aunt, a good-hearted, weak woman, who has permitted me to do as I pleased. I am wealthy; I have always had my own way; no one ever presumed to contradict or advise me, and I have become what the world calls a coquette. Until lately, the full force of the accusation never touched me. Now I begin to feel what a life of folly I have led. Tell me, frankly, that I may see myself as the world sees me, what are my faults?"

His lips moved, but he did not speak.

"You think me lacking in modesty?" she persisted, forcing the words out.

Morris drew a long breath.

"Miss Vernon," he said, "you must feel, as I do, that there is a great difference in station between us. I am an obscure clerk—like yourself, an orphan. Were we both poor and struggling to maintain ourselves, we might be friends, and I should then be able to counsel you. But destiny has willed it otherwise, and I am by circumstances so far separated from you that I have no right to offer you advice."

She rose slowly.

"Then you will not be my friend?"

"Your friend? No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I love you; because I have loved you since I first saw you in Philadelphia; because I know that my love is hopeless; this is why I dare not be your friend. Go, now, you have forced my secret from me. Go, and may God bless you and make you happy! Farewell."

Bella was too surprised at first to speak, but after a moment she said, softly:

"You are right. Forgive me for forcing you to confess that which I could not listen to. I—"

"Hush!"

Mrs. Brown stood in the doorway with a couple of glasses of lemonade on a tray. Bella took her glass with a steady hand; George silently declined the one offered him. Bella sipped the drink for a moment, then thanked Mrs. Brown warmly for her kindness, and turned to go.

"Good-day, Mr. Morris," she said, and she felt like extending her hand, but prudence forbade.

"Good-day, Miss Vernon," he said.

His eyes met hers, and she saw in them a world of passionate love. She turned away, and left the cottage softly. "Poor fellow!" she thought, and she sighed.

That evening she refused to go to the hop, and sat with her aunt on the moonlit piazza, very thoughtfully. She treated Miss Mortimer with a tenderness which surprised and touched that lady. That night she wrote in her diary:

"I was much distressed by the communication G. M. made to me to-day. I am sincerely sorry for him. I was wrong to lead him on; but I had resolved to make him like me, little knowing that he lo—[something erased]. . . G. M. has a noble heart, I am sure. I am so sorry we cannot be friends; but he is right, for, of course, I do not [more erased]. . . Oh, dear, I am awfully low-spirited to-night."

The next day Bella had not yet recovered her spirits. She could not rid her mind of the scene at the cottage. She sent Mrs. Brown a silk dress, after which she felt better.

"Bella, my dear," said Miss Mortimer, "what is the matter with you?"

"I am a little low-spirited, auntie, that's all," replied Bella, gently.

She resolved to go to the hop that evening—but every thing seemed so stupid that she would not remain. Once, in glancing toward the crowds which were looking in the windows from the piazza, she

thought she saw Mr. Morris's face, pale and sad, watching her intently. Her heart gave a great jump, and she scarcely knew what she was doing. Her partner, Mr. Grandville, asked her if she had a headache? "Yes, severe headache," she answered; then, shocked for the first time in a long while at having told a fib, she hastily added: "No, no, I am quite well, only weary of the hop."

She left early, and lay awake that night, wondering if George (she unconsciously called him George) were doing the same. The next morning she was sitting on the piazza trying to fix her attention on Miss McGregor's charming novel, "John Ward's Governess," when her aunt approached in a great state of excitement.

"Bella," she said, "have you heard the news? Poor Mr. Grandville was in bathing, and ventured out beyond the breakers; the life-boat was not on the water, and he would have been drowned, had not a Mr.—dear me, what was the name?—Mr.—Mr. Morris swam out and saved him."

Bella was at that moment thinking of this Mr. Morris, and looked up, startled, when she heard her aunt carelessly mentioning a name which had, within the last few days, become to her so familiar.

"Mr. Morris?" she repeated, awkwardly echoing the name.

"Mr. Grandville, who was—"

"Yes, yes, but Mr. Morris saved him."

"Of course. They are going to make up a purse for him."

"He will not take it."

"Eh? why not?"

"Because—that is—I would not be paid for doing such a thing. It is an insult." And she went up to her room, and paced up and down excitedly. George's heroism seemed to her superb. She pictured to herself the struggles of the drowning man—every one hesitated to go to his aid—a moment more and he will sink, when suddenly a handsome, oh, a remarkably handsome man springs into the surf, buffets the waves! He will be lost; it is death to venture out there! Ah, he sinks; no, no, he has reached the drowning man, holds him firmly, and strikes out for the shore—the people on the beach cheer, the men say "Thank God!" the women dry their tears, and, as the preserver and preserved fall exhausted on the beach, a great shout goes up, and George Morris is the hero of the day!

Bella's eyes flashed; but suddenly she turned pale. What if George should be ill after such exertion, what if he had injured himself in the struggle with the waves? She began to tremble for him, and wring her hands. Oh, dear, dear, what should she do? She could not ask her aunt without causing suspicion. Suspicion? What suspicion? How silly! Yet she did not ask Miss Mortimer, and retired early that night, pleading indisposition. She could not sleep—George's face was constantly before her. At last she sank into a troubled slumber; dreamed that George was dying, and awoke to find her eyes wet with tears. Angry and ashamed, she paced the room until the Catholic church clock struck three, when she retired once more, and finally fell into an unrefreshing sleep.

She scarcely spoke to Miss Mortimer the next morning, and at last left the piazza, after kissing her aunt tenderly.

"Don't be angry with me, auntie," she said, and with that she went to her room. A half-hour after, she donned a walking-dress and went (oh, Bella, Bella!) in the direction of Mrs. Brown's cottage. Her heart beat hard as she approached. The door was half open. She knocked, there was a rustle of a dress, an inner door shut, and Mrs. Brown, with her eyes red, stood before Bella.

"Oh, miss, is it you?" she said, confused; "come in, come in."

Bella entered slowly.

"Is Mr. Morris—well?" she asked.

"Quite well, quite well."

"I would like to see him."

Mrs. Brown's lips quivered.

"Too late, miss," she answered, "he has gone."

"Gone?"

"To Philadelphia. Forgive me, miss, but I fear you've broke his heart. He loved you so."

"Hush! you must not speak in that way." And Bella grasped a chair to support herself, for the room seemed to swim around.

"He—left no—that is—no message for me, I suppose?" she said, after a moment.

"Nothing."

"It is—well—very well."

And having uttered this heroic sentiment, Bella sank into a chair, overcome.

Suddenly she started up. A man's step was heard on the walk. Bella glided behind the door, and George entered.

"I have forgotten my valise," he said, and then stopped, for Bella had shut the door, and stood with her back to it. She held out her hands entreatingly, her eyes were filled with tears, and there was a glory in her face which had never been there before.

"George!" she sobbed.

He put his hand to his head like one in a dream, and his pale face flushed.

"George, I love you! Will you have me?"

And the two young creatures fell into each other's arms, and wept divine tears of joy, while Mrs. Brown put her apron to her eyes, overcome.

"You love me, you love me?" repeated George, over and over again.

Bella's heart was so full of happiness that she at first answered him with sobs, but after a while she whispered "Yes, yes," to his passionate questions, and called him her hero, her own!

"But your aunt!" said George; "what will she say?"

"She will ask you to forgive her for playing the eavesdropper, and then say Heaven bless you both," replied a voice, and Miss Mortimer stood on the threshold of the inner apartment.

"Yes," she said, slowly coming forward, "I have been weeping in there, and praying that you might be happy. Mrs. Brown has told me all, and I can only say, love Mr. Morris, Bella; he is worthy of you."

"Aunt, dear aunt," cried Bella, as she kissed her, "I have at last found a true heart who loves me more than I deserve. But George will teach me to correct my faults, and the world will witness the wonderful transformation of a wild, thoughtless girl into a faithful, loving wife."

## SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

II.

THE STUDIO.

May 24.

I ASKED Mr. Powers this morning to what he attributed the superiority of the Greeks in sculpture.

To their superior powers of analysis (he replied), and the fact that their sculptors appear to have been philosophers and logicians, as well as artists. They analyzed every thing to which they applied themselves at all, and had learned reasons for every thing they did. They guessed at nothing. Their sculpture was based on anatomy, carried to the finest knowledge, and, if we had their current literature, we should probably find in it the keenest discussions and controversies respecting details and the curve of lines which, to a less careful and sensitive people, would seem wholly superfluous. In short, the Greeks based art on knowledge, and took infinite pains to apply knowledge to art. There was no dash, no blind inspiration, no trusting to feeling alone, in their sculpture. They knew what they were after, and sought it with unwearied diligence and pains. There are a precision and a delicacy, a science and a skill, in their productions, which we have to emulate from a great distance.

Another point. The Greeks, although they had a dim sense only of the inner life, and of that spiritual independence of the soul which Christianity has taught us, had the highest appreciation of what was distinctively human in man, considered as a member of the animal kingdom. For instance, man is the only animal that has a real nose or chin. Horses have faces that are all nose, swine have snouts, and elephants trunks; lions have vast smelling organs; but none of them any thing that can be separated from their faces, and properly called a nose. It is even more true of the chin, that it is peculiar to man. Again: the noses of animals point forward or upward; man's



points to the ground. The Greeks estimated these distinctions at their full value, and gave the highest expression of the human to their works by attending to them. Not that they appreciated personal character, or individual men and women, as we do. They never gave that expression to the human countenance which moderns have learned to do in the school of Christian experience and reverence for the human soul. There are evidently excellent portrait-busts in Greek sculpture, but they paid little attention to the modelling of the head, usually treating it, and the hair too, in a conventional way. They did not seem to consider the brain so much the seat of thought, and the exclusive home of the soul, as we moderns do, and this had its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

Look at Phidias's head of Jove! Clearly the aim is not to give an intellectual idea of the King of the Gods, but only an idea of his tremendous power. Phidias wisely chose the lion as the type of strength in the animal world, and, without forgetting the strictly human, he has managed, in Jove's head, to suggest the face and mane of a lion, without impairing its human qualities. Immense power, self-confidence, and repose, with magnanimity and dignity, are all conveyed in this masterly work. But moderns would not be content with such an expression of divinity. They would require intellectual and moral qualities to supersede these physical ones.

How much idealizing of Nature, Mr. Powers, do you attempt? (I inquired.)

Nature (he replied) is always so far beyond my utmost reach, that if I can approach her a little nearer every day, I must be satisfied. As for attempting to reach up and put a crown upon her head, I should as soon dream of flying. It seems to me a kind of blasphemy to talk or think of improving upon Nature. Yet, although Nature excels infinitely, she does not often bring her perfections close together. Thus, I have seen eyes which, if I should strive forever, I could not equal, but I have never seen a face which I thought perfectly human; I have seen fingers that were finer than any I could model; but I never met yet a perfect hand! I never saw an absolutely satisfactory nose! I have made studies of so many hundred eyes, noses, and mouths, that I think I have found out what Nature intends in those organs. I can now model either of them without copying, but it took me a great while to learn how—so subtle are the lines—even in the commonest eye or mouth. But when it comes, as in ideal creations, to bringing the scattered perfections of the human form together, then one discovers that it will not answer to take an eye from this head, and a mouth from that; a hand here, and an arm there! There is a harmony in Nature which must be strictly considered; and the artist, creating his ideals, must work out the parts from a central thought and feeling, in which his memory of the perfections he has seen in all human bodies, will lend him aid and inspiration. "Buy me a horse," says a king to his most trusted knight of the stables; "take your own time, and spare no expense—but, remember, it is a *horse* I demand." A year passes by. The king calls for his horse. "Many fine horses' heads, some excellent legs, a few capital barrels of horses, have I seen, your majesty, but a horse I have not yet found!" One must wait still longer for a man!

When I was just beginning my profession, I undertook to mould the bust of General Jackson, then President. After I had finished it, Mr. Edward Everett brought Baron Krudener, minister from Prussia, to see it. The baron had a great reputation as a critic of art. He looked at the bust, deliberately, and said: "You have got the general completely: his head, his face, his courage, his firmness, his identical self; and yet it will not do! You have also got all his wrinkles, all his age and decay. You forget that he is President of the United States, and the idol of the people. You should have given him a dignity and elegance he does not possess. You should have employed your *art*, sir, and not merely your *nature*." I did not dare, in my humility and reverence for these two great men, to say what I

wanted to in reply; to tell the baron (for Mr. Everett was silent) that my "art" consisted in concealing art, and that my "nature" was the highest art I knew or could conceive of. I was content that the "truth" of my work had been so fully acknowledged, and the baron only confirmed my resolution to make truth my model and guide in all my future undertakings. I wrote Mr. Everett, many years after, reminding him of this interview, and also remarking on his silence at the time. He wrote me frankly that his silence was caused by his consciousness of a very poor right to speak on such a subject, but that he had often pondered it since, and had come to the deliberate conclusion that the baron was wrong in his criticism and counsel. If I have since done anything in my art (said Powers), it is due to my steady resistance to all attempts to drive me from my love and pursuit of the truth.

John Quincy Adams sat to me about the same time, and, feeling the vastness of his learning, I avoided talking to him about matters where I feared to betray my own ignorance; but I thought I might venture to tell him an anecdote about one of the great painters, which I flattered myself he had not heard. He listened very patiently, and with courteous interest, to my story, and then said: "Yes, it's a capital story, but allow me to correct a few errors of memory in your way of telling it," and then went on to give it with the most surprising fullness and accuracy, as if he had been reading it only that very morning. I never again presumed upon Mr. Adams's ignorance of any thing.

How far (I inquired) do you think powerful friends or fortunate circumstances can lift a commonplace artist into success and fame?

They can do a great deal at a short heat, but, in a long one, only real merit can win. I have known men of mediocre talents enjoy, for as much as eight years, a factitious reputation, and then fall into contempt. Novelty, boldness, taking the public on some side in which its judgment is not formed, may give temporary success. Critics, distinguished only in literature, but whose opinions are mistakenly valued when they come to speak of art, about which they may know little, may, for a while, write up an artist. His personal qualities may make him popular; or an artist's antecedents—his family, fortune, or political friends, may advance him; his city or town may be proud of him; or sex itself may become a source of adventitious charm, but, in the end—and the end is not remote—nothing but merit, the power to please and instruct and satisfy a larger public, and an unbiassed one, can give an artist permanent fame or place.

It is in vain for souls that have not a burning passion for art, to expect success in it. A man whose nature will allow him to be anything else, ought not to be an artist. It requires such persistency, devotion, and labor, to achieve a useful career, that only a devouring passion for the vocation can sustain a man in it. I have discouraged many a young man, from mere humanity, from devoting his lukewarm gifts and half-proclivities to art, who has thought me very cruel until a few years of trial have wrung from him the confession that he had now learned the wisdom and kindness of my advice.

Houdon was the best sculptor of his day. His Washington is a marvellous head, and his Bruno in St. Maria dei Angeli, at Rome, as truthful and as beautiful as any modern statue.

I asked Mr. Powers whether he thought the eye or the mouth the most expressive feature.

They express different things. The eye is the *window* of the soul, the mouth the *door*. The intellect, the will, are seen in the eye; the emotions, sensibilities, and affections, in the mouth. The animals look for man's intentions right into his eyes; even a rat, when you hunt him and bring him to bay, looks you in the eye. But it is not in the *ball* of the eye, specially, that expression is seated, rather in the lid and muscles about it, including the brow. It is the forms the muscles about the eye take that decides the significance of a look. Sculpture loses only its lusiveness in being unable to color the eye; it loses no expres-

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\* Rater  
Giles of Ch

sion. The ball of the eye is too commonly treated as if it were a regular sphere. It is really a small sphere, bulging a little out of a larger one, like a hillock on a hill, or a half-pea on an olive.

### MY FLOWER.

AS late, away from haunts of men,  
I strayed to while a weary hour,  
I found within you lonely glen  
A little flower.

No perfumed voice the leaves distilled  
To tell its gentle presence there;  
Yet with a nameless charm it filled  
The ambient air.

No flaunting colors braved the sun,  
No vain effulgence shocked the sight;  
But round its timid form there shone  
A modest light.

To care unknown, by friends unwooded,  
It seemed a pearl retired from view,  
To grace alone the solitude  
Wherein it grew.

I paused to think in deep distress,  
That this sweet gem might perish there,  
And no lone heart should e'er possess  
A boon so rare.

Just then, a vast and threat'ning cloud  
Portentous o'er the zenith passed;  
The little trembler lowly bowed,  
To shun the blast.

And, fearful, lest some nameless harm  
Was brooding o'er its dainty head,  
I gathered forth the fragile charm,  
And homeward sped.

And now, transplanted to my heart,  
'Tis sheltered safe from storm or gloom,  
And long as love may life impart  
My flower shall bloom.

### THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;\*

OR,

### BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

#### VII.

WHAT REASONS CAN A DOUBLOON HAVE FOR KEEPING BAD COMPANY AMONG TROPENNY PIECES?

A DIVERSION occurred unexpectedly.

The Tadcaster Inn was more and more a furnace of fun and laughter. Never was there a gayer tumult. The innkeeper and his boy were not equal to pouring out the ale, the stout, and the porter. At night, the lower hall, all its windows streaming with light, had not one empty table. They sang, they shouted. The grand old fireplace, with a back like an oven, and its iron grate, heaped up with coal, blazed high. It was like a mansion of warmth and resounding merriment.

In the court-yard, that is to say, in the theatre, the crowd was greater still.

All the people that the suburb of Southwark could turn out came in such crowds to the representations of *Chaos Conquered*, that as soon as the curtain was raised, that is to say, as soon as the panel of the Green-Box was lowered, it was impossible to find a seat. The windows overflowed with spectators; the balcony was invaded. One could no longer see a single paving-stone of the court; every part was filled with human faces.

Only the compartment for the nobility remained always empty.

This made, in the centre of the balcony, a black void, which was called, in a slang metaphor, "the oven." Nobody there. Everywhere else, but there, an immense crowd.

One evening it contained somebody.

It was Saturday, the day when the English rush to amuse themselves, having to bore themselves on Sunday. The hall was full.

We say hall. Shakespeare, also, for a long time, had for his theatre only the court-yard of an inn, and he called it hall.

At the moment when the curtain was withdrawn upon the prologue of *Chaos Conquered*—Ursus, Homo, and Gwynplaine being on the stage—Ursus, as was his habit, threw a glance at the spectators, and received a shock.

The compartment "for the nobility" was occupied.

A woman was seated, alone, in the middle of the box, on an arm-chair of Utrecht velvet.

She was alone, and she filled the box.

Certain creatures have a dazzling splendor. This woman, like Dea, had a brightness of her own, but different. Dea was pale; this woman was rosy. Dea was the early dawn; this woman was the morning. Dea was lovely; this woman was superb. Dea was innocence, candor, whiteness, alabaster; this woman was the purple, and you felt that she did not fear blushing. Her radiance overflowed the box, and she sat in the centre, motionless, as though she were some full-blown idol.

In the midst of this dirty crowd, she had the superior sparkle of the carbuncle; she flooded the people with so much light that she drowned them in shadow, and all these obscure faces underwent an eclipse. Her splendor had effaced every thing.

All eyes were upon her.

Tom-Jim-Jack mingled with the crowd. He disappeared with the rest, in the nimbus of this radiant person.

The woman absorbed, at the outset, public attention, made a competition with the play, and injured a little the earlier effects of *Chaos Conquered*.

However much she resembled a dream, she was real to those who were near her. She was indeed a woman. Perhaps she was too much a woman. She was tall and robust, and magnificently exhibited herself as nude as she well could be. She wore heavy ear-rings of pearls, set together with those curious jewels called "keys of England." Her skirt was of muslin of Siam, embroidered with gold threads, indicating the greatest luxury, since such muslin dresses cost at that time six hundred crowns. A large diamond agrafe fastened her chemisette, which was on a line with her bosom, according to the lascivious fashion of the age, and which was made of that Friesland cambric whereof Anne of Austria had sheets so fine that they were drawn through a finger-ring. This woman wore—like a cuirass of rubies—uncut gems and precious stones sewed all over her bodice. Besides, her eyebrows were darkened with Indian ink; and her arms, her elbows, her shoulders, her chin, under her nostrils, under her eyelids, the lobes of her ears, the palms of her hands, the tips of her fingers, were touched with rouge, and had a certain warm and exciting effect; and above all this was a determined will to be lovely. She came very near being a savage. She was a panther, with the capacity

\* Entitled, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. Appleton & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

of being a cat, and of fondling. One of her eyes was blue; the other was black.

Gwynplaine, like Ursus, looked attentively at this woman.

The Green-Box was something of a phantasmagoria, *Chaos Conquered* was more a charm than a play, and they had been wont to produce upon the public the effect of a vision. On this occasion the effect of a vision was produced in turn upon them; the house gave back the surprise to the stage, and it was their time to be startled. They experienced the ricochet of fascination.

The woman looked at them, and they looked at her.

To them, in the distance where they were, and in that luminous mist which constitutes the adumbration of a theatre, details were not distinguishable, and it was like an illusion. It was a woman beyond a doubt; but was it not also a phantom? This burst of light upon their darkness bewildered them. It was like the appearance of a strange planet. She had come from the realm of the blest. Her radiance heightened the effect of her person. She had around her the scintillations of the night, like a Milky Way. Those jewels resembled the stars. That diamond agrafe was perhaps a Pleiad. The glorious modelling of her bosom was supernatural. Seeing this starry creature, one experienced the thrilling sensation of being momentarily about to enter the celestial regions. It was from the recesses of a paradise, that this face of imperturbable repose had leaned down upon the shabby Green-Box and its wretched patrons. Curiosity of the highest rank, which satisfied itself, and gave food for the curiosity of the rabble. The lofty suffered the low to look at it.

Ursus, Gwynplaine, Vinos, Fibi, the crowd—all felt the power of this dazzlement, save Dea, ignorant of it in her darkness.

There was, in this presence, something of the apparition; but none of the ideas which the word ordinarily suggests were realized in this figure; she had nothing transparent, nothing indefinite, nothing floating, nothing vaporous; it was a fresh and ruddy apparition, in sound health. Nevertheless, under the optical conditions in which Ursus and Gwynplaine were placed, it was like a vision. Those gross phantoms, that we call vampires, do exist. The pretty queen, who herself is a vision to the multitude, and who eats up thirty millions a year, at the expense of her poor subjects, has just such health as this.

Behind the woman, in shadow, might be seen her attendant lad, *el mozo*, a little babyish man, fair and pretty, with a serious expression. A very young and very surly groom was the fashion of the period. The boy was dressed from top to toe in flame-colored velvet, and wore a skull-cap trimmed with gold lace, with a tuft of tailor-bird feathers, a mark of aristocratic servitude, indicating the valet of a very great lady.

The lackey is a part of the lord, and it was impossible not to remark, in the shadow of this woman, this train-bearing page. The mind often makes notes without our knowledge; and, though Gwynplaine was not aware of it, the round cheeks, the grave look, the gold-laced cap, and the tuft of tailor-bird feathers of this lady's boy, left some impression on him. Beyond this, the groom did nothing to cause himself to be observed. To attract attention is to forfeit respect; and he remained standing and passive at the end of the box, as far withdrawn as the closed door would admit.

Although the manikin trainbearer was there, the woman was none the less alone in the compartment, seeing that a valet does not count.

Powerful as had been the sensation created by this person, who produced the effect of a grand personage, the closing scene of *Chaos Conquered* was more powerful still. The effect was, as usual, irresistible. There had been in the hall, perhaps by reason of this radiant looker-on—since sometimes the spectator enhances the spectacle—an excess of electric excitement. The contagion of Gwynplaine's laugh was more triumphant than

ever. The whole audience went into fits in an indescribable epileptic of exhilaration, wherein you might distinguish the leading, ringing laugh of Tom-Jim-Jack.

Only the young stranger, who looked on the spectacle with the immobility of a statue and the eyes of a phantom, did not laugh.

A spectre, but a solar light.

The exhibition over, the panel put up, the privacy of the interior of the Green-Box reestablished, Ursus opened and emptied on the supper-table the bag of twopenny pieces, among which rolled out suddenly an ounce of Spanish gold.

—From her! cried Ursus.

This ounce of gold in the midst of the verdigrised pennies was, in effect, this woman in the midst of the people.

—She has paid a doubloon for her place! repeated Ursus, enthusiastically.

At this moment the innkeeper entered the Green-Box, passed his arm through the window-frame, opened in the wall against which the Green-Box leaned a sliding pane, of which we have spoken, which afforded a sight of the fair-ground, and which was at the same height as the window, and made a sign to Ursus to look out. A carriage, set off with plumed lackeys bearing torches, and drawn by a magnificent team, was moving off at a fast trot.

Ursus respectfully took the doubloon between his thumb and forefinger, showed it to Nicless, and said:

—She is a goddess.

Then his eyes fell on the carriage just turning the corner of the ground, and on its top, where the torches of the valets lighted up a coronet of gold with eight fleurons, and he cried out:

—She is more. She is a duchess.

The carriage disappeared. The sound of the wheels died away.

Ursus remained for some minutes in an ecstatic state, elevating the doubloon between his two fingers, converted into a monstrosity, such as they use for the elevation of the host.

Then he laid it on the table, and looking at it began to speak of "the lady." The innkeeper made reply. It was a duchess. Yes. They knew her title. But her name? This they did not know. Master Nicless had seen close at hand her carriage all emblazoned, and her lackeys all gold-laced. The coachman wore a wig that would make you think him the lord-chancellor. The carriage was of that unfrequent pattern known in Spain as the *cochetumbon*, a splendid variety, with a top like a tomb, which was a famous support for a coronet. The boy-valet was a sample of humanity so small, that he could seat himself on the step of the carriage outside the door. They employ these pretty little fellows to carry the ladies' trains; they also carry their messages. And did you remark the boy's tuft of tailor-bird feathers? Here's grandeur. Whoever wears these tailor-bird feathers, without the right, pays a heavy fine. Master Nicless had also seen the lady, quite close at hand. A sort of queen. So much do riches lend to beauty. The skin is whiter, the eye more flashing, the bearing more noble, the beauty more insolent. Nothing can equal the impertinent elegance of hands that do not work. Master Nicless recounted this magnificence of the fair skin with the blue veins, that neck, those shoulders, those arms, that rouge everywhere, those pearls, those drops, that head-dress of powdered gold, that profusion of precious stones, those rubies, those diamonds.

—Less brilliant than the eyes, muttered Ursus.

Gwynplaine was silent.

Dea listened.

—And do you know, said the innkeeper, what is most astonishing?

—What? demanded Ursus.

—It is that I saw her get into her carriage.

—What of that?

—She did not get in alone.



— Bah!

— Somebody got in with her.

— Who?

— Guess.

— The king, said Ursus.

— In the first place, said Master Nicless, there is no king just now. We are not under a king. Guess who got into the carriage with that duchess.

— Jupiter, said Ursus.

The innkeeper replied:

— Tom-Jim-Jack.

Gwynplaine, who had not uttered a word, broke silence.

— Tom-Jim-Jack! cried he.

There was an interval of suspense, in which you might have heard Dea say:

— Can't we prevent that woman's coming here?

## VIII.

## SYMPTOMS OF POISONING.

THE "apparition" did not come back.

She did not come back to the show, but she came back to Gwynplaine's mind.

To a certain extent, Gwynplaine was troubled.

It seemed to him that, for the first time in his life, he had seen a woman.

All at once, it occurred to him to dream strangely—in itself almost a fall. We should be on our guard against the revery that lays its hold upon us. The mystery and the subtlety of an odor are in revery. It is to thought what the perfume is to the tuberoses. It is sometimes the expansion of a poisonous idea, and it has the penetrating power of smoke. You may poison yourself with reveries, as with flowers. Suicide intoxicating, exquisite, and sinister!

The suicide of the soul is to think evil. Therein is the poisoning. Revery entices, inveigles, lures, enwraps, and then makes of you its accomplice. It makes you its partner in the tricks that it plays upon conscience. It charms you. Then it corrupts you. That may be said of revery which is said of gambling. You begin by being a dupe; you finish by being a cheat.

Gwynplaine dreamed.

He had never seen Woman.

He had seen her shadow in all the female populace; in Dea he had seen her soul.

Now he had seen her reality.

A skin, warm and living, under which might be felt the ebb and flow of an impassioned blood—forms that had the precision of marble and the undulation of the wave—a countenance supercilious and impassible, mingling refusal with allurements, and epitomized in radiance—hair colored as though reflected from a conflagration—an indelicacy of attire, having in itself, and indicating, the tremor of voluptuousness—a suspicion of nudity, betraying a disdainful wish to be possessed at arm's length by the crowd—an impregnable coquetry—an impenetrable charm—temptation made piquant by foreseen perdition—a promise to the senses, and a menace to the spirit—a double anxiety, one half of which is desire, and the other half is fear; this is what he had seen. He had seen a woman.

He had seen more and less than a woman—a female.

And at the same time an Olympian.

A female of a god.

That mystery, sex, had been manifested to him.

And where? In the inaccessible.

At an infinite distance.

Mocking destiny! The soul, that thing celestial, he held it; he had it in his hand—it was Dea. The sex, that thing terrestrial, he perceived in the topmost height of heaven—it was that woman.

A duchess.

More than a duchess, Ursus had said.

How lofty a battlement!

A very dream would recoil before any attempt to scale it.

Was he going to be mad enough to dream of this unknown woman? He debated it within himself.

He recalled all that Ursus had said to him touching these exalted and quasi-royal existences. The philosopher's wanderings, that had seemed to him superfluous, became for him landmarks of meditation. We have often in our memories only a very thin coating of forgetfulness, which, on occasion, reveals suddenly that which is underneath. He portrayed to himself that august world, the lordly estate, whereof was this woman, inexorably superimposed upon that lowest world, the people, whereof he was himself. And was he, even, of the people? Was he not, he, the mountebank, lower than that which is the lowest? For the first time since he had reached the age of reflection, his heart was oppressed by the meanness, that in our day we should call abasement. The pictures and the details of Ursus, his lyrical inventories, his dithyrambs on country seats, parks, fountains, and colonnades, his displays of wealth and power, came to life again in Gwynplaine's thought, standing out as something real in a cloudy setting. He was possessed by this climax. That a man could be a lord seemed to him chimerical. So it was, nevertheless. Incredible fact. There were lords; but were they, like ourselves, of flesh and bone? That was doubtful. He felt that he himself was in the depth of the shadow, with a wall around him; and he perceived in the supreme distance above his head, as though through the opening of a well wherein he might be, that dazzling medley of azure and of forms and of rays, that constitutes Olympus. In the midst of this glory, the duchess was resplendent.

The need of this woman, that he felt, was an indescribable compound of the strange and the impossible.

And, despite himself, this poignant contrariety returned unceasingly to his mind: the seeing the soul beside him, within his reach, in a limited and tangible reality—the flesh, in the unseizable, in the very depths of the ideal.

No one of these his thoughts was clearly defined. There was as it were a mist within him. It changed its form every moment, as it floated; but its obscurity was profound.

Beyond this, the idea of any thing herein, in any degree approachable, did not an instant ruffle his mind. He sketched not, even in his dreams, any movement upward toward the duchess. Happily for him.

The trembling of such ladder-steps, when once the foot is set upon them, may settle forever in the brain. You think you are mounting to Olympus, and you reach Bedlam. A distinct longing, had it taken form in him, would have terrified him. He experienced nothing of the kind.

Besides, would he ever see this woman again? Probably not. To be smitten by a light that streams on the horizon—madness goes not beyond that point. Making eyes at a star—strictly speaking, you can understand that; you see it again; it reappears; it is fixed. But how can any one be enamoured of a flash of lightning?

He had as it were a pass-ropes of dreams. The idol in the centre of the box, majestic and seductive, was drawn luminously with the stomp on the surface of his conceits; then it was effaced. He thought of it, thought no more of it, occupied himself with something else, and returned to it again. He underwent a delusion—nothing more.

This hindered him from sleeping for several nights. Sleeplessness is as full of dreams as slumber.

It is almost impossible to convey in their exact limits the abstruse evolutions that take place in the brain. The inconvenience of words is, that they have a more definite shape than ideas. All ideas merge into each other at their edges; words do not. A certain vague nook of the soul always escapes them. Expression has its boundaries; thought has none.

Such is the sombre immensity within us, that what passed in

Gwynplaine scarcely came in contact with Dea, in his mind. Dea was in the centre of his soul, sainted. Nothing could come near her.

And, nevertheless—the human mind being made up of these contradictions—there was a conflict within him. Was he aware of it? Barely.

In the spiritual tribunal within him, at the spot where fracture is possible—we all have that spot—he felt a collision of feeble desires. For Ursus it would have been simple; for Gwynplaine it was indistinct.

Two instincts, the one ideal, the other sexual, combated within him. Such struggles are there between the angel of whiteness, and the angel of blackness, on the bridge of the bottomless pit.

In the end, the black angel was thrown down.

One day, all at once, Gwynplaine thought no more of the unknown woman.

The combat between the two principles, the duel between his celestial and his terrestrial impulses, had taken place in his own innermost recesses, and at such depth that he had but a very confused perception of it.

What is certain is, that he had not ceased for a minute to adore Dea.

There had been in him a disorder, and far advanced. His blood had had a fever; but it was ended. Dea alone remained.

Any one would have astonished Gwynplaine greatly, who had told him that Dea could have been for a moment in danger.

In a week or two, the phantom, that had seemed to menace these two souls, had faded away.

There was no longer any thing in Gwynplaine, but the heart—a hearth, and love—a flame.

Furthermore, as we have said, the duchess had not returned.

Ursus found this quite natural. The "lady of the doubloon" is a phenomenon. It enters, pays, and vanishes. It would be too much of a fine thing, that it should come back.

As for Dea, she made not even an allusion to this woman who had gone by. She listened probably, and was sufficiently informed by sighs from Ursus, and, here and there, by some significant exclamation, such as—"It doesn't rain gold every day!" She spoke no more of "the woman." Therein was a profound instinct. The soul takes these obscure precautions, into the secret of which it has not always itself entered. To hold one's tongue about any one seems equivalent to sending that person away. In making inquiries, one fears to summon back. We keep silence thereupon, as we would shut a door.

The incident was forgotten.

Was there even any thing in it? Had it really occurred? Could it be said that a shadow had floated between Gwynplaine and Dea? Dea did not know it, and Gwynplaine knew it no more. No. There had been nothing. The duchess herself was outlined in the dim distance, like an illusion. It was but a minute's dreaming traversed by Gwynplaine, and from which he had emerged. A reverie dissipated, like a fog dissipated, leaves no trace; and, the cloud passed away, love is no more diminished in the heart than the sun in the sky.

## IX.

### ABYSSUS ABYSSUM VOCAT.

ANOTHER figure had disappeared—and that was Tom-Jim-Jack. He ceased abruptly to come to the Tadcaster Inn.

Persons, so situated as to see both sides of the elegant life of the great London lords, might have noted perhaps that, at the same period, the *Weekly Gazette*, between two extracts from parish registers, announced "the departure of Lord David Dirry-Moir, by order of her Majesty, to resume the command of his frigate, in the White Squadron cruising on the coast of Holland."

Ursus perceived that Tom-Jim-Jack did not come any more; the fact preoccupied him much. Tom-Jim-Jack had not reappeared, since the day when he went off in the same carriage

with the "lady of the doubloon." An enigma truly was this Tom-Jim-Jack, who carried off duchesses with extended arms. What an interesting investigation to be made! What questions to be propounded! How much to be said! That is why Ursus did not say a word.

Ursus, who had seen life, knew what smarting a rash curiosity may occasion. Curiosity should always be proportioned to the curious individual. In listening, you risk the ear; in watching, you risk the eye. It is prudent to hear nothing and to see nothing. Tom-Jim-Jack had mounted into that princely carriage, and the public-house keeper had witnessed his ascension. That sailor seating himself by the side of that lady had an air of prodigy about it that made Ursus circumspect. The caprices of upper life should be held sacred by the lower class. All those reptiles, who are called the poor, have nothing better to do than to cower down in their holes when they perceive any thing extraordinary. To keep snug is a necessity. Shut your eyes, if you have not the happiness to be blind; stop your ears, if you have not the luck to be deaf; paralyze your tongue, if you lack the perfection of being dumb. The great are what they choose to be; the small are what they can be; let the unknown go by. Don't let us importune mythology; don't let us worry apparitions; let us have a profound respect for images! Don't let us direct our tittle-tattle toward the shrinkings or the enlargements that take place in the regions above us, for motives of which we are ignorant. These, for us puny creatures, are for the most part optical illusions. Metamorphoses are the affair of the gods; transformations and disintegrations, of the grand contingent personages who float above us, are clouds impossible to comprehend and perilous to study. Too much scrutiny vexes the Olympians in their evolutions of amusement or fantasy; and a thunderstroke may disagreeably teach you that the bull, whom you have examined too curiously, is Jupiter. Do not let us draw half-open the neutral-tinted curtain-folds of the powerful, who are to be dreaded. Indifference is intelligence. Do not budge; that is wholesome. Sham dead, and they won't kill you. Such is the insect's wisdom. Ursus practised it.

The innkeeper, puzzled on his side, interrogated Ursus one day.

—Do you know that we don't see Tom-Jim-Jack any more?

—Ah, said Ursus, I had not noticed it.

Master Nicless made some remark in a low tone, without doubt upon the mixing-up of the ducal carriage with Tom-Jim-Jack—an observation probably irreverent and dangerous, to which Ursus took pains not to listen.

Ursus, nevertheless, was too much an artist not to regret Tom-Jim-Jack. He experienced a certain degree of disappointment. But he confided his impressions to Homo only, the sole confidant of whose discretion he felt sure. He whispered into the wolf's ear:

—Since Tom-Jim-Jack has ceased coming, I feel a void as a man, and a chill as a poet.

This outpouring into the heart of a friend comforted Ursus.

He remained walled up with Gwynplaine, who, on his side, made no allusion to Tom-Jim-Jack.

In fact, a little more or less of Tom-Jim-Jack made no difference to Gwynplaine, absorbed in Dea.

Forgetfulness had taken hold of Gwynplaine, more and more. Dea herself did not even suspect that a vague commotion had taken place. At the same time there was no more talk of cabals and complaints against "The Man Who Laughs." Hatred seemed to have let go its hold. All had subsided within the Green-Box and around the Green-Box. No more humbug, nor strolling players, nor priests. No outside grumbling. They had the success, without the menace. Destiny gives sometimes this sudden serenity. The shining bliss of Gwynplaine and of Dea was, for the moment, absolutely without a shadow. It had mounted little by little to that point, where nothing can be

added to it. There is a word that expresses such situations—apogee. Happiness, like the sea, reaches its high-water. The disquieting fact for the perfectly happy is, that the sea goes down again.

There are two modes of being inaccessible—the being very high, and the being very low. At least as much perhaps as the former, the latter is desirable. More surely than the eagle escapes the arrow, the animalcule escapes crushing. This security of littleness, we have already remarked, if any one had it upon earth, was enjoyed by those two beings, Gwynplaine and Dea; but never had it been so complete. They lived more and more, one through the other, one in the other, ecstatically. The heart saturates itself with love, as with a divine salt that preserves it; thence the incorruptible binding together of those who have loved each other from the dawn of life, and the freshness of olden loves prolonged.

There is such a thing as embalming love. It is from Daphnis and Chloe that Philemon and Baucis are made. That sort of old age, the similitude of the evening to the dawn, was evidently reserved for Gwynplaine and for Dea. In the mean while, they were young.

Ursus regarded this love, as a doctor makes his clinical inspection. Besides, he had what was called in those days the Hippocratic look. He fixed upon Dea, fragile and pale, his sagacious eyeball, and grumbled out: It is very fortunate that she is happy! At other times, he said: She is happy, for the benefit of her health.

He shook his head, and at times read attentively Avicenna, translated by Vopiscus Fortunatus, Louvain, 1650—an old worm-eaten book that he had—where he treated of cardiac disorders.

Dea, easily fatigued, was subject to sweats and drowsiness, and took, it may be remembered, her siesta in the day. On one occasion when she was thus asleep, lying down upon the bear's skin, Gwynplaine not being there, Ursus leaned over her softly, and applied his ear to Dea's chest on the side of the heart. He seemed to listen for some instants; and then murmured, as he rose up: She must not have a shock. The crack would be speedily enlarged!

The crowd continued to overflow, at the representations of *Chaos Conquered*. The success of "The Man Who Laughs," appeared to be inexhaustible. All flocked thither; and it was not now Southwark only—London came in for a small share. The public even began to be a mixed one. It was no longer simple sailors and drivers. In the opinion of Master Nicless, a connoisseur in rabble, there were now, in this populace, gentlemen and lords disguised as common people. Disguising is one of the delights of pride; and it was then very much in vogue. This mingling of the aristocracy with the mob was a good sign, and showed an extension of success taking hold on London. Gwynplaine's fame had decidedly made its entry among the great public. And the fact was real. The only thing talked of in London was "The Man Who Laughs." The talk had even reached up to the queen.

In the Green-Box, there was not a misgiving. They were content to be happy. Dea's intoxication was to touch, every evening, Gwynplaine's wavy and yellow hair. In love, there is nothing so intoxicating as a habit. All of life is concentrated therein. The reappearance of the star is a habit of the universe. Creation is nothing else than a loving woman; and the sun is a lover.

Light is a dazzling Caryatid, that supports the world. Day by day, during one sublime minute, the earth, covered by night, leans upon the rising sun. Dea, blind, felt the same return of warmth and hope within her, at the moment when she placed her hand upon Gwynplaine's head.

To be two darksome beings adoring each other; to love each other in the fulness of silence—one would be reconciled to an eternity thus passed.

One evening, Gwynplaine—overcharged with that felicity

which, like intoxication from perfumes, causes a divine uneasiness—was roving on the fair-ground at some hundred paces from the Green-Box, as was not unusual with him when the performance was ended. One has occasionally these hours of expansion, when the too-full heart overflows. The night was dark, but clear. The stars shone brightly. All the bowling-green was deserted; there was only sleep and forgetfulness in the booths scattered around the Tarrinzeau-Field.

One light alone was not put out; it was the lantern of the Tadcaster Inn, half-open and awaiting Gwynplaine's return.

Midnight had just tolled from the five parish churches of Southwark, with the intervals and variations of tone that distinguish one belfry from another.

Gwynplaine was dreaming of Dea. Of what should he have dreamed? But, this evening, unusually perturbed, full of a charm not devoid of pain, he was dreaming of Dea as man dreams of woman. He reproached himself for it. It was a falling off. The secret spousal impulse was beginning in him. Anxiously did he cross-examine himself; he blushed, as one might say, internally.

Given too much paradise—love ceases to have a fancy for it. Love must have the life stirred up, the kiss electric and irrep- arable. The sidereal discomposes; the ethereal oppresses. An excess of heaven is, in love, what an excess of combustibles is, in fire; the flame suffers from it. Gwynplaine pictured Dea to himself as human. He was ashamed of this visionary encroachment. It was almost an effort of profanation. He struggled against this besetting. He turned away from it; then he came back to it. It seemed to him like committing an offence against decency. Dea was, for him, in a cloud. Trembling, he drew away the cloud.

He took steps at random, with the rocking, absent motion, that one has in solitude. To have no one about—this tends to rambling of mind. Whither went his thought? He would not have dared to tell himself. Up to heaven? No.

Solitude in the bowling-green was so peaceful, that at moments he spoke aloud.

To feel that you have no listeners makes you talk.

He walked slowly, with his head bent down, his hands behind his back, the left in the right, the fingers open.

Suddenly, he felt, as it were, the gliding of something into the inert opening between his fingers.

He turned sharply round.

He had a paper in his hand, and a man before him.

It was the man who, coming up to him from behind with the stealth of a cat, had put the paper between his fingers.

The paper was a letter.

The man, sufficiently distinct by the dim starlight, was small, chubby-faced, young, grave, and wearing a flame-colored livery, visible from head to foot through the vertical opening of a long gray overcoat, which was then called a *capenoe*, a Spanish word contracted, that means a hooded night-cloak. On his head he wore a crimson cap, like a cardinal's coif, whereon the service he was in should be indicated by a certain trimming. On this coif might be seen a plume of bird-feathers.

He was motionless before Gwynplaine. You might have called him the phantom of a dream.

Gwynplaine recognized the valet-boy of the duchess.

Before Gwynplaine could utter any exclamation of surprise, he heard the shrill voice, at once childish and feminine, of the boy, that said to him:

—At this hour to-morrow be at the entrance of London Bridge. I shall be there. I will guide you.

—Where? asked Gwynplaine.

—Where you are expected.

Gwynplaine dropped his eyes upon the letter that he held mechanically in his hand.

When he raised them up again, the boy was no longer there.

He could make out, in the obscurity of the fair-ground, a vague dark form that rapidly diminished. This was the little



lackey going his way. He turned the corner of the street, and there was no one to be seen.

Gwynplaine looked at the valet disappearing; then he looked at the letter. There are moments in life when that which happens to you does not happen; astonishment keeps you for a time at a certain distance from the fact. Gwynplaine brought the letter up to his eyes, as a person who wished to read; then he discovered that he could not read it, for two reasons—in the first place, because he had not unsealed it; in the second place, because it was dark. Several minutes passed before he recalled to mind that there was a lantern in the inn. He took a few steps, but aside, and as though he did not know where to go. A somnambulist, to whom a ghost has delivered a letter, might walk in this manner.

At last he made up his mind, ran rather than advanced toward the inn, placed himself in the streak of light from the half-open door, and by that light examined once more the closed letter. No imprint could be seen upon the seal or the envelope. There was only, "To Gwynplaine." He broke the seal, tore the envelope, unfolded the letter, brought it fully under the light, and read what follows:

"—You are horrible, and I am beautiful. You are a stage-player, and I am a duchess. I am the first, and you are the last. I love you. Come!"

#### BOOK IV.—THE PENAL VAULT.

##### I.

##### THE TEMPTATION OF ST. GWYNPLAINE.

ONE jet of flame scarcely makes a point in the darkness; another would set a volcano on fire.

There are sparks that are enormous.

Gwynplaine read the letter, and then re-read it. There was, without doubt, the expression—"I love you."

Apprehensions succeeded each other in his mind.

The first was the believing himself crazed.

He was crazed. That was certain. What he had just seen had no existence. The twilight phantoms were playing with him, poor wretch. The little scarlet man was the flash of a vision. Sometimes, at night, a nonentity, condensed into a flame, will come and laugh at you. After this mocking, the illusory being had disappeared, leaving behind him Gwynplaine crazed. Such deceptions there are in the shades.

The second apprehension was the proving that he had all his senses about him.

A vision? Not at all. Well! And this letter? Had he not a letter in his own hands? Was there not absolutely an envelope, a seal, paper, writing? Did he not know from whom all this came? Nothing obscure in this adventure. Somebody has taken a pen and ink, and has written. Somebody has lighted a taper, and has made a seal with wax. Was not his name superscribed upon the letter—"To Gwynplaine?" The paper smells sweet. All is clear. The little man—Gwynplaine recognizes him. This dwarf is a groom. This glare is a livery. This groom has appointed a meeting with Gwynplaine, for the next day, at the same hour, at the entrance of London Bridge. Is London Bridge an illusion? No, no; all that holds good. There is no delirium therein. All is reality. Gwynplaine is perfectly lucid. This is not a phantasmagoria suddenly decomposed above his head, and dissipated as it melts away; it is matter of fact that happens to him. No; Gwynplaine is not mad. Gwynplaine is not dreaming. And he read the letter again.

Well, then; yes! But what next?

The what next is formidable.

There is a woman who loves him.

A woman loves him! In that case, let no one evermore henceforward pronounce that word—"incredible." A woman

loves him! A woman who has seen his countenance! A woman who is not blind! And who is this woman? An ugly one? No; a beauty! A gypsy? No; a duchess!

What was there herein, and what did it mean? What peril in such a triumph! But how avoid throwing one's self into it head foremost?

What! this woman, the siren, the apparition, the lady, the spectator from the visionary box, the radiant dark one. For she it was, she truly.

The crackling of the conflagration, thus begun, broke out all over him. It was the marvellous unknown one! the same who had caused him so much pain. And his first tumultuous thoughts concerning that woman came again upon him, as though heated in all this sombre fire. Forgetfulness is neither more nor less than a palimpsest. A certain incident occurs; and all the effaced portions revive, in the spaces between the lines of wondering memory. Gwynplaine believed that he had withdrawn this figure from his mind; and he found it there again; and it was therein impressed; and it had dug a hollow in that unconscious brain, guilty of a dream. Unknown to himself, the profound graving of his revery had bitten in, and far down. Now a positive evil had been done. And all this revery, henceforward perhaps irreparable—he laid hold on it again with vehemence.

What! love for him! What! the princess descended from her throne, the idol from its altar, the statue from its pedestal, the phantom from its cloud! What! from the depths of the impossible, the chimera had arrived! What! this divinity painted on the ceiling; what, this irradiation; what, this Nereid all moistened with precious stones; what, this beauty unapproachable and supreme had leaned down toward Gwynplaine from the height of her escarpment of rays! What! she had stayed, above Gwynplaine, her Aurora's car, drawn jointly by turtle-doves and by dragons, and she had said to Gwynplaine: "Come!" What! he, Gwynplaine! his was this terrific glory, to be the object of such a lowering down of the empyrean! And this goddess, who came to him, knew what she was doing. She was not unaware of the horror incarnate in Gwynplaine. She had seen the mask that constituted Gwynplaine's face. And this mask had not caused her to shrink back! Gwynplaine was beloved in spite of it!

Fact, that went beyond all imaginings—he was loved on this account! Far from making the goddess recoil, the mask had attracted her!

What! There, where this woman was, in the royal midst, of irresponsible splendor and of power in fullest sway, there were princes, and she could take a prince; there were lords, and she could take a lord; there were men, handsome, charming, proud, and she could take Adonis! And who was it that she was taking? Gnafron. She could choose, amid meteors and thunderbolts, the immense six-winged seraph; and she chose the larva crawling in the mire. On one side, highnesses and mightinesses, all the grandeur, all the opulence, all the glory; on the other side, a mountebank. The mountebank carried the day! What scales, then, were there in this woman's heart? By what weights weighed she out her love? This woman took from her brow the ducal cap, and threw it upon the clown's trestle. This woman took from her head the Olympian aureole, and placed it on the bristly skull of a gnome. One knows not what turning of the world upside down—the swarming of insects above, constellations below—was swallowing up Gwynplaine, distracted under a downfall of light, and making for him a halo in his cloaca. "You are horrible. I love you;" these words touched Gwynplaine on the ghastly spot of pride. Pride is the heel wherein every hero is vulnerable. Gwynplaine was flattered in his vanity as monster. It was as a deformed being that he was loved. He also, as much as, perhaps more than, the Jupiters and the Apollos, was a specialty. He felt himself to be superhuman, and so monstrous as to be a god. Horrifying dazzlement!

And now, what was this woman? What knew he of her? Every thing, and nothing. She was a duchess; he knew that. He knew that she was beautiful, that she was rich, that she had liveries, lackeys, pages, runners with torches around her coroneted carriage. He knew that she was in love with him, or at least that she told him so. The rest he knew not. He knew her rank, and he knew not her name. He knew her thought, and he knew not her life. Was she wife, widow, maid? Was she free? Was she bound to any duties whatever? Of what family was she a member? Were there around her pitfalls, ambushes, reefs? Gwynplaine suspected nothing as to what gallantry is in high and idle places; as to there being caverns on these summits wherein ferocious charmers dream, while around them lie pell-mell the bones of loves already devoured; as to essayings, tragically cynical, whereto the ennui of a woman may tend, who deems herself superior to man. He had not even in his mind the wherewithal to build up a conjecture; in the social sub-soil wherein he lived, one is badly informed herein. Nevertheless, he foresaw coming gloom. He avowed to himself that all this brilliancy was obscure. Did he comprehend? No. Did he divine? No. What was there behind this letter?—an opening of folding-doors, and, at the same time, a disquieting closure. On one side, avowal; on the other side, enigma.

Avowal and enigma—those two mouths, the one inciting and the other menacing—with the same word: "Dare!"

Never had the perfidy of chance taken its measures better; and never had it brought temptation more opportunely. It was at a troubled minute that the offer was made to him, and that there was held before him, in all its splendor, the bosom of the sphinx.

Gwynplaine was overwhelmed.

There is a certain fume of evil which precedes crime, and which the conscience cannot inhale. Uprightness, when tempted, has the faint nausea of hell. What is half-opened sends forth an exhalation, that warns the strong and makes dizzy the weak. Gwynplaine experienced this mysterious unconsciousness.

Dilemmas, at once transitory and stubborn, floated before him. The misdeed, persevering in offering itself, took form—the next day, midnight, London Bridge, the foot-boy. Should he go? Yes! cried the flesh. No! cried the soul.

Let it be said, however—singular as it may seem at the first glance—that he did not once address this question to himself with perfect distinctness:—Should he go? Actions meriting reproach have their reserved corners. Like brandies that are too strong, we do not drink them at one gulp. We put the glass down; we will see, presently; the first drop has already a strange taste.

What is certain is, that he felt himself impelled backward toward the unknown.

And he shuddered. And he had a glimpse of something tottering to its fall. And he threw himself back, seized again from all sides by dismay. He shut his eyes. He made efforts to discredit the adventure in his own mind and to bring himself back to a doubt of his own sanity. Evidently this was for the better. The wisest thing for him to do, was to believe that he was mad.

Fatal fever. Every man, surprised by the unforeseen, has known in his life such tragical pulsations. The observer always listens anxiously to the echo of blows, dealt by the battering-ram of destiny against the conscience.

Alas! Gwynplaine interrogated himself. To ask questions, when duty is precisely defined, is already to be defeated.

Besides—a point to be noted—the effrontery of the adventure, which might perhaps have shocked a vicious man, was not apparent to him. He did not know what cynicism is. He saw but the greatness of this woman. Alas! he was flattered. His vanity could only verify his triumph. Much more wit than innocence has, would have been requisite for him to con-

jecture that he might be an object of wantonness rather than of love.

The mind is subject to invasions. The soul has its Vandals, evil thoughts, that come in and devastate our virtue. A thousand contrary ideas precipitated themselves upon Gwynplaine, one after another, and sometimes all at once. Then there was silence within him. Then he took his head between his hands, with an air of mournful contemplation, as though gazing on a landscape at night.

Suddenly, he was conscious of one thing—that he had ceased to think. His reverie had reached that darksome moment, when every thing disappears.

He remarked, also, that he had not gone in. It might be two o'clock in the morning.

He put the letter brought by the page into his side-pocket; but perceiving that it was on his heart, he removed it thence, and thrust it all crumpled into the first handy pocket of his small-clothes. Then he turned his steps toward the public-house; went in quietly; did not wake up the little Govicum, who was waiting for him, and had fallen asleep upon a table with his arms for pillow; reclosed the door; lighted a candle at the inn lantern; drew the bolts; turned the key in the lock; took mechanically the precautions of a man who comes home late; mounted the steps of the Green-Box; crept into the old hut which served as his bedroom; looked at Ursus, who was asleep; blew out his candle; and did not lie down.

An hour passed thus. At last wearied out, figuring to himself that bed is sleep, he laid his head on his pillow without undressing, and conceded so far to darkness as to close his eyes. But the tempest, that assailed him, had not ceased for an instant. Sleeplessness is night's ill-usage of man. Gwynplaine suffered greatly. For the first time in his life, he was not pleased with himself. Inmost sadness mingled with vanity satisfied. What to do? Daylight came. He heard Ursus get up, and did not raise his eyelids. No relaxation, however. He thought over the letter. All the words came back to him in a sort of chaos. Thought becomes fluid, under certain violent blasts from within the soul. It falls into convulsions; it raises itself up; and there goes forth from it something that resembles the dull roaring of the waves. Flood, ebb, shocks, whirlings, hesitations of the billow before the reef, hail and rain, clouds with openings wherein is light, wretched clearings away of futile foam, mad acclivities suddenly crumbling away, immense efforts lost, appearance of shipwreck on all sides, shadows and dispersions—all this, which is in the abyss, is in man. Gwynplaine was a prey to this torment.

At the very height of his anguish, his eyelids being still drooped, he heard an exquisite voice that said:—"Are you asleep, Gwynplaine?"—He opened his eyes with a start, and sat up. The door of the robing-room was half-open, and Dea appeared at the entrance. In her eyes and upon her lips was her ineffable smile. She stood up there, charming in the unconscious serenity of her radiance. There was a moment of something like sanctity. Gwynplaine looked at her, trembling, dazzled, awakened. Awakened from what? From sleep? No; from sleeplessness. It was she, it was Dea; and forthwith he felt in the very depth of his being the indefinable vanishing away of the tempest, and the sublime descent of good upon evil. The miracle of the look from on high was effected; the blind one, soft and luminous, put to flight by her sole presence all the gloom that was on him; the curtain of cloud was lifted from his spirit, as though drawn off by an invisible hand; and Gwynplaine—celestial enchantment—found the azure re-entering his conscience. Through the virtue of this angel, he suddenly became again Gwynplaine the innocent, the great, the good. In the soul, as in creation, there are these mysterious concurrences. Both were silent, she the light, he the abyss, she divine, he pacified; and Dea shone resplendent above Gwynplaine's stormy heart, with the indescribable effect of a star upon the ocean.

## BUTTERFLIES.

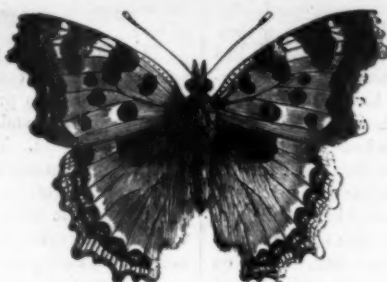
THE opening of summer suggests these "winged thoughts" or "flying gems," which have been the delight of all childhood spent in country air. We do not, however, sympathize with that taste for insects which manifests itself in collecting rare specimens, for little other purpose than to impale them on pins. Probably the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" does not concern itself with the death-agonies of butterflies, and scientific curiosity has the matter all its own way, repaying the world for its loss of these colored jewels of the air, by colorless pictures on pages that partake very little of the air and the sunshine. The worst of it is, that it is for the "rare species" that these insectarians hunt, and the game most subject to the spear and bow—we mean fingers, and nets, and pins—is the rare and beautiful thing which perhaps has not a dozen of its like in as many leagues.

But the humanity which protects animals, and the gastronomic taste which cares for fishes, and the agricultural prudence which saves the birds, have no motives for befriending these ornaments of sylvan Nature, and hence some of the most wonderful of them are passing away before the growth of towns, the destructiveness of children, and, worst of all, the nets of students of natural history.

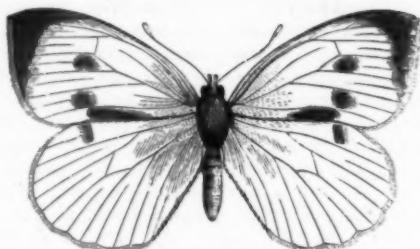
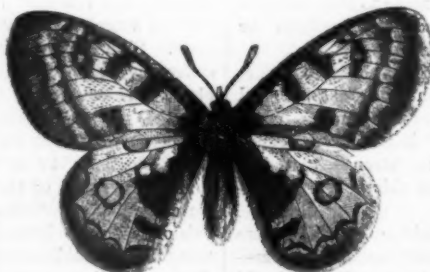
Of the known and existing varieties, we select a few for pictorial illustration and brief description. The large Tortoise-shell Butterfly has the upper part of its wings of a tawny yellow color, and of a blackish-brown below, with darker spots bordered by a black band. There is a stripe of yellowish color running down the middle of the wings. It is found in July and September on the oak, the elm, the willow, and many fruit-trees. There is a smaller variety, which has all the showy characteristics of the larger.

The larvæ of the two are different. The former is bluish or brownish, with an orange-colored lateral line, bristling with yellowish hairs. The chrysalis is angular, of a red tint, and ornamented with golden metallic spots. The caterpillar of the latter is bristly, blackish, and has four yellowish lines.

Another magnificent variety is the Peacock Butterfly. The children know it by the four beautiful peacock-eyes, one on



Large Tortoise-shell Butterfly.

Cabbage Butterfly, or *Pieris brassicae*.

Parnassus Apollo.



Peacock Butterfly.

each wing. The eyes on the upper wings are reddish in the middle, and surrounded by a yellow circle. The other two eyes or spots are black-brown, within gray circles. The upper part of the wings is of a russet-brown, the under part blackish. This, the *Vanessa Io* of science, is met with in the woods and fields, and in flower-gardens. It seems to love to contrast itself with delicate flower-bells, or the spray of leaves, but it is probably careless of this union of insect with floral beauty, and more interested in its food.

The months of June and September also give us the *Convolvulus Sphinx*, which is more of a great moth than a butterfly. It has brown wings, and the prominent abdomen is striped in transverse bands alternately black and red. It takes its name from the habit of its caterpillar, which lives on the various kinds of *convolvuli*, but chiefly the wild species. In some of the kindred of this moth, the chief attraction is in the larvæ and not in the winged insect. For instance, the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth, when in repose, of all others of the genus *Sphinx*, most resembles the sphinx of fable, from which the genus takes its name. It is of a fine apple-green, with seven oblique stripes, half violet and half white, placed on each side of its body, and three or four small white spots beyond these stripes. The stigmata are orange, the head is green, bordered with black. The extremity of the body has a smooth horn of black and yellow. It lives principally upon the privet, the lilac, and the ash-tree.

To this class also belongs the Death's-Head Moth, the largest of the species. It derives the name from the pale-yellow outline of a human skull, on the black ground of its thorax. This funeral symbol, joined to the plaintive cry which the moth emits when frightened, has sometimes inspired the whole population of a country with terror. When its appearance has coincided with epidemic disease, this doleful sylph of the night has been looked upon as the messenger of death. Science, however, sees in it the butterfly of the shadow, only less beautiful than its winged brother of the day.

Of butterflies proper, there are some even more magnificent than those we have illustrated and described. There is the Swallow-tailed Butterfly, named



from its shape, and which is one of the largest and most brilliant of this country or Europe. The wings are yellow and black, and the broad black bands of the margin are dusted with blue, while the six yellow crescents end in reddish eyes, bordered with blue. In Corsica and Sardinia there is a very scarce species of this. The Parnassus Apollo belongs to the Alps and Pyrenees. Its wings are yellowish white, with ornaments of black and vermilion-red. It is, in the larva state, a silk-maker in a small way. The *Le Gaze* has black veins on white gauze wings. These have been seen, in northern Russia, so numerous as to be mistaken for flakes of snow. The Cabbage Butterfly is white, edged with black, and very common in Europe. A more beautiful kind has its white wings veined with pale green. Another white kind has orange tips. Then we have insects of brimstone-yellow, very gay; others with delicate purple streakings, and, most rare and beautiful, the glorified things of rich Mazaria blue, which color gives their name. There are occasional specimens of the *Convolvulus* Moth, with the great forewings of green, striped with pink, the hinder ones black with a broad band of pink, edged by a fine line of white. These, with wings four inches in expanse, their large brilliant eyes, and great power of flight, sometimes rival the butterflies.

To even give brief descriptions of these beautiful insects would much exceed our limit, and a mere catalogue of names would fill no small space. The Emperor Moth bears on its wings many of the marks of the rare butterflies, including the peacock-eyes and the tortoise-shell markings. The Atlas, of the *Atlæi* class, is the most magnificent of the moth family, and one of the largest, as its wings have more than four and a quarter inches' expanse.



Swallow-tailed Butterfly.



The Convolvulus Sphinx.



Death's-head Hawk-Moth.

The only specimens come to us from China. Among the singular varieties may be mentioned the Wood-Leopard, known in Europe as the Coquette.

The fine dust which gives the color to the wings, and which adheres to the fingers when we touch them, was long thought to consist of minute feathers, making the insect a kind of bird. But more powerful microscopes show us myriads of scales, each a little perfection of shape and color, and each overlapping the lower one, like the scales of a fish. Perhaps these delicate things are the armor of proof against the rain-drops!

The many processes through which the insect passes in the various stages of its life—the caterpillar that frees itself from its old skin by the exercise of wondrous art and strength, combined with the decay of Nature—the silken prison that is woven, and the little four-winged insect angel that comes forth at last—all these are matters well known and often described; never more pleasantly, however, than in Louis Figuier's "Insect World."

Another interest than that of curiosity has joined with the observation of this wonder of insect resurrection; for humanity, in its dread of annihilation, and its yearning for immortality, has caught the thought that the lesser life may image forth the greater. Certainly, to those who wish confirmation to the promises of Holy Writ, the hope is pleasant and the thought is beautiful, that poor humanity, with its caterpillar appetites and its world chrysalis, may one day cast off both, and sport as a winged immortality in the Infinite sunlight. Singular but not unlovely it is, that our highest hopes compare themselves to the germination of a seed, or the life of a worm. Man, tired of work, hopes to be a butterfly.

## WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO.

BY DR. I. I. HAYES.

## STAGE THE FIRST.—THE ICE-SEA.

THE air is a universal regulator. It dispenses heat and cold, drought and moisture, life and death, to the uttermost parts of the earth. To one it brings sweet perfumes, to another noxious vapors. It blights the strong; it invigorates the feeble. It depresses the spirits; it revives the spirits. It admits the sun; it keeps away the sun. It is everywhere. It is in the earth; it is above the earth; it is in the waters that are under the earth. Invisible, it is yet a sponge. It soaks up the waters in infinite particles, and scatters them to the four quarters. When too highly charged, it gathers its hot and cold extremes together, rolls up a cloud, and flings abroad the rains and snows. This it repeats again and again, to suit its own caprice. Thus may a particle of water, perhaps a dew-drop from a tropic leaf, be transported to the Arctic regions, or to a mountain so lofty that its summit has an Arctic climate. Here the air drops it as a snow-flake. If now discovered by a ray of the sun, before the air can pick it up again, it becomes a globule of water. Then the air, grown spiteful, hardens it to a crystal, and binds it fast for untold ages.

Here begins the *ice-sea*.

From the *ice-sea* comes the *ice-stream*.

From the *ice-stream* comes the *iceberg*.

Thus have we seen already what a snow-flake may come to.

I have said the air dispenses heat and cold. These are, however, merely relative terms; yet they both produce convulsions. The thermometer is the test of force.

The greatest heat of the earth is at its centre; the greatest cold is at its extremities; that is to say, the mountain-tops. The internal heat produces the volcano and the earthquake; the external cold produces, as we have seen, the *iceberg*, and likewise the *ice-field*. This latter, however, belongs to the ocean, or to arms of the ocean, as Baffin's Bay, where it is formed, in contact with the land, and has nothing to do with the mountain, and nothing with the snow-flake. It makes the *ice-barrier*, or *ice-pack*, or *ice-belt*, as you may please to call it, of the Arctic Seas, and is the pest of the navigator. It blocks up all the gateways to the Polar Basin, and has, thus far, kept the North Pole of the earth sacred from invasion. Hence man has wooed the Polar Sea in vain. The *ice-field* forms an unbroken girdle about that chaste Queen of Oceans, and he is told, "Thus far, and no farther!"

The *iceberg* is very different from the *ice-field*. Hundreds of them may be seen at one time, but they are all separate and detached. They rarely touch each other. The name signifies *ice-mountain*, thus distinguishing it conspicuously from *ice-field*. This latter is *salt* and flat; the former is *fresh* and lofty. We have seen that the *ice-sea* begins in a snow-flake. Its growth is from an infinite number of snow-flakes, falling in annual layers, and converted into successive layers of ice. Thus formed upon the land, the *iceberg*, in the sea, is therefore a natural-born vagrant.

Its birth is the "convulsion" of cold, as the earthquake is of heat; and it is difficult to say which is the most sublime and startling, the birth of an *iceberg*, or the shock of an earthquake.

"Glacier" is the general name we apply to the whole formation which finally results in the *iceberg*, borrowing from the French. In fact, it is difficult to speak or write upon any subject scientifically without discovering that the French have been before us with an epithet.

Glaciers form upon all the lofty mountain-chains of the earth having a certain geological formation. It is even supposed by many philosophers, and among the number the eminent Professor Agassiz, that many parts of the earth, now fertile and inhabited, were once covered with ice. They have gone so far even as to add "glacial period" to geological nomenclature.

At the present time, however, glaciers are confined to the lands of the Arctic and Antarctic regions and the lofty mountain-chains: as, for instance, the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas.

No part of the Arctic regions presents such an extensive or magnificent display of glaciers as Greenland. In this respect it is truly a typical land, and might well be called the Arctic Continent. In fact, it is a vast reservoir of ice, being almost wholly covered with it. Nothing but the great headlands between the *fjords* (that is to say, the bays) and the off-lying islands escape. This covering is many hundreds of feet in average thickness, and to the eye it presents one vast illimitable waste of whiteness—a gelid cloak—an ice-sea—a *mer de glace*.

This is the last place in all the world where one would expect to meet with such a phenomenon, if there were any meaning in a name. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," said the gentle Juliet; and, on the other hand, Greenland, with its pleasant name, has come to be regarded as the symbol of desolation. It ought to have been Snowland, or Frostland. Yet, after all, there was meaning in the name to Eric, the Icelander who discovered the country. He found some valleys and slopes of the headland, where he first stepped ashore, clothed with grass. Here a great herd of curious reindeer, who had never before seen human beings, were browsing, and down they came, all unsuspecting of harm, to look at Eric and his followers.

Eric wanted credit for this discovery of a new world, and he wanted likewise colonists. So he named it *Greenland*, the more conspicuously to distinguish it from *Iceland*, whence he had come.

The name took with the Icelanders amazingly, producing much the same effect upon their minds that "Valley of Eden" did upon the mind of Martin Chuzzlewit. The result, however, on the whole, was better. It gave Eric twenty-five ship-loads of colonists, a full pardon for sundry crimes, and much prosperity. It gave one of his sons an opportunity to discover America, which feat was performed in the year 1001. It brought also fresh treasures to the exchequer of Iceland, and, in time, it furnished beef-cattle for the private table of the King of Norway. But the field of the colonists was circumscribed. Still, they and their descendants flourished there for four hundred years. They built churches and a cathedral, and cultivated farms, and lived in peace and plenty—only, however, down by the sea. In the valleys alone, and in those only which were exposed to the south, was there any life. Behind and above them, all was sterility—rugged cliffs of immense height, and mountain-wastes of ice and snow.

I have climbed those cliffs, and travelled upon those mountain-wastes—upon the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, as I have hitherto distinguished the interior region—reaching as far inland as eighty miles, and as far above the level of the sea as five thousand feet. There it was almost as level as the ocean in a calm, and as unbroken; as void of life as Sahara, and more dreary to look upon. The temperature was thirty-four degrees below zero, and had steadily fallen to that degree as we climbed up higher and higher by the scarcely-perceptible acclivity. Then we were set upon by a tempest. Nothing could be more terrible except a furnace-blast. The drifting snow, which came whirling along the icy plain, was like the sand-clouds of the desert, which so often overwhelm travellers. There was no chance for life except in flight. With our backs to the wind, we descended as rapidly as possible to the level of the sea, where the temperature was zero, at which degree of cold life is supported without inconvenience. My people were then all unaccustomed to such exposure; yet, while all were at first somewhat alarmed, none were, in the end, seriously touched by the frost. It would be difficult to inflict upon a man greater torture than to expose him to such a storm. The effect, after a time, is to make life undesirable—alarm first; then pain; then

lack of perception. When one dies from freezing, it is the brain which, in effect, first suffers eclipse. The cold has not solidified it, that is true, but has made it torpid—like certain animals in the winter-time, with which one may do any thing, and they will not resist, being quite incapable of receiving an impression. One of the men said, "I cannot go any farther; I do not want to; I am sleepy; I cannot walk." Another said, "I am no longer cold; I am quite warm again; shall we not camp?" Then I knew there was the greater need to hurry on, if we would not all be destroyed.

This digression may perhaps the more readily enable the reader to understand the nature of this Greenland ice-sea. The whole continent is perhaps 1,200 miles long, by, say, 600 broad. This gives 720,000 square miles of superficial area, the greater part of which is the ice-sea. Multiply this by the tenth of a mile, which may be taken as the fair average depth of the ice-sea, and we have piled up on the Greenland mountains 72,000 cubical miles of solid ice—a result which seems almost fabulous. And all this, as we have seen, is composed of successive layers of hardened snow, which is still increasing year by year, and century by century; and, while thus accumulating, the climate has been steadily growing colder. This is shown by the fact that, from the tenth to the fourteenth century, people lived in Greenland quite comfortably, while they now live there quite miserably—a change which is only to be accounted for, independent of all astronomical influences, by the circumstance that the sea, as well as the land, has more and more ice gathering upon it from year to year.

Now, it must be borne in mind that an ice-sea, such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass, like water. What is it but hardened water?

Take the better-known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration. There we find a *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valleys on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are *ice-streams*, for they flow downward through the valleys, and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, discharges itself, thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice-streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain-snows of the Alps would gather there at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law; for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower. An ice-stream is, therefore, in effect, a river, and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for, as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea as a real river, and not an ice-river, the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being one of *rate*. The ice moulds itself to its bed, as the river does. When the bed is wide, it expands; when the bed is narrow, it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along, and becomes shoal. An ice-stream, like a river, has therefore its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak), and its smooth, steady, even-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from neighboring cliffs by the frost), as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves, and other light materials.

Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface and the quantity of mountain-ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent, as we have seen, is, in effect, covered with

an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, meets no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the head of the deep *fjords*. Thus does the sea take the place of the air in the melting process. But not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of the Greenland ice-stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current.

This mass is the *iceberg*.

Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain-snows to their natural home in the sea.

The flow of an ice-stream is, unlike that of a river, imperceptible to the eye; but its rate can be measured. The method is simple enough: You mount to the surface of the glacier, and stake off a base-line upon it, either in its axis or parallel with its axis. You then set up your theodolite at one end of the base-line, and connect the base-line by angles with some fixed object on the land which borders the glacier, like the banks of a river, to left and right. You go then to the other end of the base-line, and repeat the process. After, say, a week, or a month, and as many more times as you may find necessary, you go through this same operation of setting up your theodolite and measuring the angles. Then a very simple trigonometrical computation reveals the fact that the ice-stream is carrying your base-line along with it down the valley, leaving the fixed objects on the banks behind. It is as if you made a base-line on a long raft, and surveyed a river's banks as you floated down the river with the current.

To further prove the resemblance of an ice-stream to a river, you plant a line of stakes across it, from side to side, each, say, twenty fathoms from the other. Observe your stakes closely, and, after a time, your straight line has become a curve. This curve steadily increases. The middle of the glacier is flowing more rapidly than the sides. So, in like manner, does the top flow more rapidly than the bottom.

These measurements I have often made; once on an ice-stream in North Greenland. The temperature was below zero, and it was cheerless work enough. We reached the top of the glacier with much difficulty, cutting steps with an axe. Then we came upon unfathomable cracks, which made the walking dangerous, as the view was dreary. There was a strong wind howling down from the ice-sea, bringing with it sharp, cutting snow-drift. The brass instrument froze the eye, and had to be covered with buckskin. The moisture of the breath condensed upon the lenses, and the observer had to breathe through a tube. The men who carried the chain scorched their fingers with the cold metal. Under these circumstances, science becomes a species of martyrdom. Yet we completed our survey, and discovered the ice-stream to be flowing toward the ocean at the rate of five inches a day.

Many of the Greenland ice-streams are of amazing extent. There is one sixty miles wide. Its front is in the water, and it is washed by the waves like any other coast-line; for it is really a coast-line—an ice coast-line. The cliffs of the land on either side of it are very lofty—from five hundred to a thousand feet. These ice-cliffs are from fifty to three hundred feet. Below the surface of the water, of course, this wall extends downward until it rests on the bottom of the sea. This great ice-stream is known as the Humboldt Glacier, and is at the head of Smith Sound, latitude 79°.

There is another Greenland ice-stream that is twenty miles wide; others that are ten, and five, and indeed of any width,



down to the quarter of a mile, or even less. Some of them have been pouring into the sea for ages; some have not yet reached the sea, but are steadily nearing it, like a flood coming down a valley from a broken dam. Not noiselessly, however; for the flow of an ice-stream is attended with continual crackings and breakings and tumbling of avalanches, which add greatly to its sublimity, and give it an aspect of terror. In fact, this whole Arctic Continent is full of startling wonders and novelties of Nature; and its whole history is so replete with violent commotions, from the time when it was a volcanic nest to the present, that it is well worthy of more consideration than it has ever yet received from the learned, or the curious, or even the adventurous.

### ONLY THE CLOTHES THAT SHE WORE.\*

There is the hat

With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they found it,  
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—

Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,

And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,  
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,  
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,

With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,  
To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the slip,  
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,

Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored, and drabbled—  
This you should know, without doubt, and, if so,  
All else you may guess!

There is the shawl,

With the striped border, hung next in order,  
Soiled hardly less than the light muslin dress,  
And—that is all.

Ah, here's a ring

We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;  
There was only this one—name or date?—none!  
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,

The gift of another, perhaps a brother,  
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,  
Or, was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,

With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,  
Summon up a fair face with just a trace  
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,

Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,  
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight,  
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,

And her sad history remains yet a mystery,  
But those we keep still, and shall keep them until  
Hope dies at last.

\* Recently, at the Morgue in this city, the attire of a drowned person alone remained for identification.

Was she the prey

Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,  
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?

Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?

Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,  
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;

Then—will it be well?

N. G. SHEPHERD.

### JOHN STUART MILL ON THE "SUBJECTION OF WOMEN."

#### ABSTRACT OF HIS OPENING ARGUMENT.

MR. MILL states the object of his work to be, to explain the grounds of an opinion which he has long entertained, that the legal subordination of one sex to the other is wrong in itself; is one of the chief hinderances to human improvement, and ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality. The chief difficulty of the task springs from the amount and intensity of the feelings which gather around the subject and neutralize the influence of argument. It is always a hard task to attack an almost universal opinion. The burden of proof ought to rest with the affirmative, or those who maintain it. The presumptions ought to be in favor of freedom and against privilege. But in this case the rule is reversed, and a cause supported by universal usage and preponderating popular sentiment is supposed to have presumptions in its favor which ordinary logic cannot be permitted to disturb. And truly the understandings of the majority of mankind would need to be much better cultivated than has ever yet been the case, before they can be asked to place such reliance in their own power of estimating arguments as to give up practical principles in which they have been born and bred, and which are the basis of much of the existing order of the world, at the first argumentative attack which they are not capable of logically resisting. As regards the present question, I am willing to accept the unfavorable conditions. I consent that established custom and the general feeling should be deemed conclusive against me, unless that custom and feeling from age to age can be shown to have owed its existence to other causes than their soundness, and to have derived their power from the worse rather than the better part of human nature. I am willing that judgment should go against me, unless I can show that my judge has been tampered with.

The generality of a practice is in some cases a strong presumption that it is or has been conducive to laudable ends; but this is only when the practice is grounded in experience of the mode in which these ends could be most effectually attained. If the authority of men over women had been the result of a conscientious trial of equality as well as inequality, its adoption might be some evidence in its favor. But the state of the case is the reverse of this. The system which subordinates the weaker to the stronger was never the result of deliberation or forethought on social ideas. It arose simply from the fact that from the earliest times every woman was found in a state of bondage to some man. Laws begin by converting physical facts into legal rights. In early times the great majority of the male sex, as well as the whole of the female, were slaves. In Christian countries the slavery of the male has been abolished, and that of the female has been gradually changed into a milder form of dependence. This dependence is the primitive state of slavery lasting on through successive mitigations and modifications occasioned by the same causes which have softened the general manners, and brought all human relations more under the control of justice. But it has not lost the trace of its brutal origin; and no presumption in its favor can be drawn from the fact of its existence. In primitive societies the rule of action is the law of the strongest. Institutions which place right on the side of might have been clung to with great tenacity; and those who have obtained legal power because they first had physical, have rarely given up their hold of it until the physical power had passed over to the other side. Such shifting of the physical force not having taken place in the case of women, this fact, combined with all the peculiar characteristic features of the particular case, made it certain from the

first that this branch of the system of right founded on might, though softened in its most atrocious features at an earlier period than several of the others, would be the very last to disappear.

People are not aware how entirely, in former ages, the law of superior strength was the rule of life; how publicly and openly it was avowed. History gives a cruel experience of human nature, in showing how exactly the regard due to the life, possessions, and entire earthly happiness of any class of persons was measured by what they had the power of enforcing. The Stoics were, I believe, the first (except so far as the Jewish law constitutes an exception) who taught as a part of morality that men were bound by moral obligations to their slaves. To enforce this belief was the most arduous task which Christianity ever had to perform. But the power of men over women could not fail to be more permanent than those other dominations which have nevertheless lasted down to our own time. Whatever gratification of pride there is in the possession of power, and whatever personal interest in its exercise, they are in this case not confined to a limited class, but common to the whole male sex. Instead of being to most of its supporters a thing desirable chiefly in the abstract, it comes home to the person and hearth of every male head of a family, and of every one who looks forward to being so. And the case is that in which the desire of power is the strongest; for every one who desires power desires it most over those who are nearest to him, with whom his life is passed, with whom he has most concerns in common, and in whom any independence of his authority is oftenest likely to interfere with his individual preferences.

Some will object that the power of man over woman is not a usurpation because it is natural. But slavery has also been claimed to be natural. Aristotle held that there are different natures among mankind—free natures and slave natures; the Greeks were of a free nature—the Thracian barbarians of a slave nature; while American slaveholders called heaven and earth to witness that the dominion of the white man over the black was natural. Unnatural generally means only uncouth; and every thing which is usual appears natural. The subjection of woman to man being a universal custom, any departure from it quite naturally appears unnatural. That the feeling is dependent upon custom is proved by ample experience.

Again, it will be said that the rule of man over woman is not a rule of force, because it is accepted voluntarily; women are consenting parties to it. But a great number of women do not accept it. Women in various countries are demanding suffrage, and admission to various professions and occupations hitherto closed against them. How many women there are who silently cherish similar aspirations no one can possibly know; but there are abundant tokens how many would cherish them were they not so strenuously taught to repress them, as contrary to the properties of their sex. It must be remembered also, that no enslaved class ever asked for complete liberty at once. It is a political law of Nature that those who are under any power of ancient origin never begin by complaining of the power itself, but only of its oppressive exercise. There is never any want of women to complain of ill-usage by their husbands. There would be infinitely more, if complaint were not the greatest of all provocations to a repetition and increase of ill-usage. It is this which frustrates all attempts to maintain the power, but protect the women against its abuses. In no other case, except that of a child, is the person, who is proved judicially to have suffered an injury, replaced under the physical power of the culprit who inflicted it. Accordingly, wives, even in the most extreme and protracted cases of bodily ill-usage, hardly ever dare avail themselves of the laws made for their protection; and if in a moment of irrepressible indignation, or by the interference of neighbors, they are induced to do so, their whole effort afterward is to disclose as little as they can, and to beg off their tyrant from his merited chastisement.

All causes, social and natural, combine to make it unlikely that women should be collectively rebellious to the power of men. They are so far in a position different from all other subject classes, that their masters require something more from them than actual service. Men do not want solely the obedience of women, they want their sentiments. All men, except the most brutish, desire to have in the woman most nearly connected with them, not a forced slave, but a willing one; not merely a slave, but a favorite. They have, therefore, put every thing in practice to enslave their minds. The masters of women wanted more than simple obedience, and they turned the whole force of education to their purpose. All women are brought up from their very earliest years in the belief that their ideal of character is the very

opposite to that of man; not self-will and self-government by self-control, but submission and yielding to the control of others. All the moralities tell them that it is the duty of women, and all the current sentimentalities that it is their nature, to live for others; to make complete abnegation of themselves, and to have no life but in their affections.

The influence over the minds of women having been acquired, an instinct of selfishness made men avail themselves of it to the utmost, as a means of holding women in subjection, by representing to them meekness, submissiveness, and resignation of all individual will into the hands of a man, as an essential part of sexual attractiveness. Can it be doubted that any of the other yokes, which mankind have succeeded in breaking, would have subsisted till now, if the same means had existed, and had been as sedulously used, to bow down their minds to it?

Custom, therefore, however universal, creates no presumption in favor of the arrangements which place woman in social and political subjection to man. On the contrary, the whole course of human improvement up to this time, the whole stream of modern tendencies, warrants the inference that this relic of the past is discordant with the future, and must necessarily disappear.

Human beings are no longer born to their place in life, but are free to employ their faculties to achieve the lot which may appear to them most desirable. The old theory was, that the least possible should be left to the choice of the individual agent; that all he had to do should, as far as practicable, be laid down for him by superior wisdom. Left to himself, he was sure to go wrong. The modern conviction, the fruit of a thousand years' experience, is, that things in which the individual is the person directly interested never go right, but as they are left to his own discretion. In consonance with this doctrine, it is felt to be an overstepping of the proper bounds of authority to fix beforehand, on some general presumption, that certain persons are not fit to do certain things.

The social subordination of woman stands out an isolated fact in modern social institutions; a solitary breach of what has become their fundamental law; a single relic of an old world of thought and practice, exploded in every thing else, but retained in the one thing of most universal interest. This entire discrepancy between one social fact and all those which accompany it, and the radical opposition between its nature and the progressive movement of the modern world, and which has successively swept away every thing of an analogous character, surely affords, to a conscientious observer of human tendencies, conscientious matter for reflection.

It avails nothing to say that the nature of the two sexes adapts them to their present functions and position, and renders these appropriate to them. Standing on the ground of common-sense and the constitution of the human mind, I deny that any one knows, or can know, the nature of the two sexes, as long as they have only been seen in their present relation to one another. If men had ever been found in society without women, or women without men, or if there had been a society of men and women in which the women were not under the control of the men, something might have been positively known about the mental and moral differences which may be inherent in the nature of each. What is now called the nature of women is an eminently artificial thing—the result of forced repression in some directions, unnatural stimulation in others. It may be asserted, without scruple, that no other class of dependants have had their character so entirely distorted from its natural proportions by their relations with their masters.

Of all difficulties which impede the progress of thought, and the formation of well-grounded opinions on life and social arrangements, the greatest is now the unspeakable ignorance and inattention of mankind in respect to the influences which form human character. Whatever any portion of the human species now are, or seem to be, such, it is supposed, they have a natural tendency to be: even when the most elementary knowledge of the circumstances in which they have been placed clearly points out the causes that made them what they are.

In regard to that most difficult question, what are the natural differences between the two sexes—a subject on which it is impossible in the present state of society to obtain complete and correct knowledge—while almost everybody dogmatizes upon it, almost all neglect and make light of the only means by which any partial insight can be obtained into it. This is, an analytic study of the most important de-

partment of psychology, the laws of the influence of circumstances on character.

The profoundest knowledge of the laws of the formation of character is indispensable to entitle any one to affirm even that there is any difference, much more what the difference is, between the two sexes considered as moral and rational beings; and since no one, as yet, has that knowledge (for there is hardly any subject which, in proportion to its importance, has been so little studied), no one is thus far entitled to any positive opinion on the subject. Conjectures are all that can at present be made; conjectures more or less probable, according as more or less authorized by such knowledge as we yet have of the laws of psychology, as applied to the formation of character.

### APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

SOLOMON must have been blind as well as *blasé* when he said there is nothing new under the sun. Had he walked out of his walls of cedar and ebony, and looked at the blossoming fields, he could not have felt that he was in a stale and wearisome world. A blossom is a new thing. What thought of age, what suspicion of flat repetition can one have, looking into its fragrant and dewy heart; what profane and polished sense dare report it to be insipid and old? Beauty is always new. Whether in sunset skies, or in the fair faces of fair women, or in flowers, it never suggests the past: it is fresh and fleeting, like a foam-wreath from the eternal sea.

Frail, and flesh-pale, the apple-blossoms have burst in soft bloom in the million orchards of the land. And what bridal adornments of color and texture they spread over the landscape! What sprays of fragrance! What crumpled loveliness of petal and bud! What softly-folded blooms! What depths of white and rose they exhibit to the gladdened and surprised sense! A miracle of beauty crowns twisted branches and stiff twigs. While the grass is greenest, the apple-blossom softly surprises and exhilarates. Who but a civilized brute can look at a blossom without a sense of sweetness, delicacy, and ecstasy? Once more after the first herald-notes of Spring we witness the magic hour of the flower-bloom of the fruit-trees. Life in one such season of fragrance and color is simple and sweet to loitering lovers and dreamers in odorous orchards; the eye has its festival, and the virginal bloom of the fruit-trees suggests perfection, is perfection, and, surrendered to Nature, we can say to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair!"

The cherry-trees, plummy and foamy, with masses of white blossoms, the peach with its flower, rose-flesh, seems less than the apple-blossom, which has a transparent white and rose tint, the exquisiteness of the color of both peach and cherry blooms. The clustered profusion of the blossoms on the stem, the stillness and fragrance and wind-blown openness of their five petals, or the folded secret of the bud's hidden sweetness, make pure and voluptuous suggestion of spotless pleasure.

The country may be said to be embroidered, and festooned, and veiled in bloom; now is the bridal of earth and sun. The moist warm skies of May no more gently bathe the earth, than blossoms fill the air and rain upon the grass. The loose clouds trail over woods and fields white with bloom; the most ineffable tint, that of the pearly flesh of delicate girls, is profusely massed in fragrant domes and dewy sprays of sweetness in the orchards and woods.

One's sensations in blossoming orchards are not apart from the human and domestic, as when we walk by the sea or in the wilderness. We are not isolated by suggestions of grandeur and desolation; we are not detached from crowds by solemn sounds, as in pine-forests, as on beaten beaches, on rocky coasts that growl responses to the hoarse mutterings of the sea. The apple-orchard in bloom is a part of our most domestic experience and of our gentlest human sentiments. It is a part of the best memories of home. Every man in his boyhood has had his perfect moment under apple-blossoms. A cluster of

flesh-pale blossoms is like a group of lovely girls; they are the very smile, and visible ecstasy of vegetable life; like a sprinkling of floral foam over green trees, and, like it, a fleeting vision. Floods of perfume are carried over the fields by the loosening winds. The butter-cups, golden petalled, shine in the grass, while apple blooms and buds crowd upon and hide the maze of branch and twig and leaf. One can plunge the glance into petals softer than a caress, and scent odors that come to faint and die on the sense they intoxicate. If any thing could start the conventional man out of his reserve, and change that insensibility of Nature which he is stupid enough to think one of the objects of culture—if any thing not passionate, but something simply sweet, could break in upon the self-satisfaction of gentlemen who admire nothing and avoid effusion, as other men shun the mental barrenness in which they install their minds—it would be an untroubled hour under a May sky, and amid the blossoming orchards. The abundance of beauty, the lavishness of sweetness, the exquisiteness of the perfume, would steal into and fill the sense.

Leigh Hunt, one of the pleasantest poets, celebrates the birth of floral bloom with his sunny spirit and limpid language, and notices "apple-trees at noon with bees alive." The blossoming season suggests the wish that we could, like trees, blossom every year. Then with that shifting play of sunlight and shadow, of longing and regret which is characteristic of his mind, he checks his wish, dreading to change with the seasons, to fade every fall, and stare ghastly and naked, like leafless trees in November rains. To express a thought merely to refute it is profitable enough, if it makes us contented. A tree loaded with blossoms may certainly suggest something more abundant and beautiful than most of our fellow-beings have to offer us—something better than the trite language, the stinted if not barren expression in which their life finds a sluggish issue. If every mind had its season of flowering, if the flower of its speech had any thing of the freshness and purity and penetrating charm of apple-blossoms, or the foamy abundance of the cherry-flower, no doubt an appropriate season of merely beautiful expression would be recognized; our social intercourse might be graced and festooned with garlands of pleasant words; we might meet each other sometimes without baskets and quart measures to buy and sell; we might meet each other as social artists, and not as drivers and workmen. We know of no sufficient reason why we should dispense with every thing like effusion and beauty, and hold so gravely to polished and barren expression which checks enthusiasm and defrauds the sense of beauty, in our social intercourse. The grotesque and gnarled denizens of our fields do better; they break into bloom, they crest and sprinkle themselves with the most wasteful beauty, and carelessly spill the most exquisite perfume on every wandering air. They give place to the formation of fruits that never reach maturity, they crowd every twig with what will prove only "windfalls;" but then in blossoming-time they have not the fear of critics; they are not nipped in the bud by the chilling frost of criticism; they are not forbidden their joyous and maternal abundance of vain but lovely promises.

A literature without its blossoming season—a society formed to restrict expression, and conventionalize all intercourse; to start us in grooves and keep us in them, unmindful of our best and most ancient example, nature, is false and must correct itself. They understand these things better in France. The frigid and barren type does not give the law, but the natural and abundant. French literature and society have something of the effusion, something of the bloom, something of the vividness, something of the freshness of Nature. One can pluck from French books pages which breathe of lilacs and violets; one can discover words that have no other reason of being than the expression of enthusiasm and the admiration of beauty. But in our land such freedom of expression passes unquestioned only among versifiers and poets; and English prose, so much less than English poetry, is devoid of those facile and charming



tributes of expression which make French prose so attractive, so full of beauty, and wanting which, we have the *Saturday Reviewer's* English, which is English prose without grace and without beauty. Such newspaper English outside of the financial column would have no claim upon us, if we were endowed with a sense of the beautiful—the sixth sense denied to the average American and to the English mind. If we had the sense of beauty we should have a Maurice de Guérin as well as a Thoreau; a George Sand instead of a Mrs. Stowe; and, in speaking of apple-blossoms, we could do so without an apology that we dispense with the mask and fiction of verse.

### INDIAN ROCK.

THE fifteen hundred visitors, who resort in the summer season to Narragansett Pier, as they cast their eyes upon the picture of Indian Rock in our present number, must have a fresh longing for the arrival of the day when they will find themselves once more drinking in the cool, bracing air of the ocean, and rambling over the sands and stones that line its shores. A few years ago, and only here and there a traveller had ever heard of the place; five little fishing-boats went off in the morning upon the broad sea, and came back to their moorings in the evening, with no crowd of curious strangers standing by, to count the lobsters, and bass, and tautog, and scup, and wheat-fish, that had been taken through the day. Uncle Jerry and Uncle Bill—they are all uncles there—with their quaint old steeple-hats—tradition says that they have been worn "for forty year"—and their oil-skin coats, had never been heard of in Detroit, and Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and the other great cities of the West and the East. Nobody dreamed that Flat Rock, and Foam Rock, and Indian Rock, would ever be painted on canvas and engraved on steel, and found "accompanying APPLETONS' JOURNAL." Quiet brooded around these rough reefs of stone, except when the southeast gales sent the great waves thundering and foaming, and dashing their spray into the air; and then there was no ear to hear the war of the waters, and no eye to behold the grandeur of the scene.

But now how changed! Umbrella'd artists plant their easels here and there, and dash away with their ochres, and chromes, and bistres, and tell you that there are no rocks on our coasts so rich and varied in their coloring as these—south of this ledge there are indeed no rocks at all on the American shore, until you reach the reef of Florida. On every pleasant summer afternoon, young men and maidens, old men and children, seat themselves by fifties and by hundreds in the shady clefts, to watch the ships that go sailing by, and gaze across the waters upon the long, leaden fog-bank, which at this time of day usually drops down upon old Newport, to hide her vanities from the sight of men and angels. Sometimes, after the sun has gone down, the thick mist covers all the sea and the land, and then strange sounds come out of the darkness.

We are wondering whether the Neptune line of steamers from Providence will venture to screw their way through the Sound to New York on such a night as this; and whether we shall hear the paddle-wheels of the splendid palaces that ply between Newport and the metropolis. How often, when we have been "cribbled, cabined, and confined" on the little dirty craft that sail on the Adriatic and the German Sea, have we wished that the wretched foreigners who crowded their narrow decks could only be dropped down for a while into the magnificent saloons of the *locomotive cathedrals*, that we know by the name of the *Bristol* and the *Providence*!

While we are thus wondering and speculating, out of the darkness there comes a scream across the waters—it is the steamer asking anxiously whereabouts she is; in an instant, "Beaver-tail light-house," which cannot shine to-night, answers from behind in a tone that sounds like the wail of a lost spirit, "You are past my jurisdiction, go ahead!" and then in another minute,

"Point Judith," from below, responds again in more cheerful notes, "All right, come along!" We would here take occasion to remark that the keeper of the Point Judith light prides himself particularly upon the liveliness of his steam-whistle, and would resent with considerable feeling any insinuation to the contrary.

But we are forgetting all about Indian Rock, and in fact there is not much to be said about it. Mr. Hazeltine shows just how it looks in calm and sunny weather; imagine now the sea dashing over the summit, thirty feet in the air, and you may know how it looks in the tempest.

There used to be an old tradition concerning this rock, and there are red stains which are said to be Indian blood, which the waves have never been able to wash off; but we have tried in vain to fish up the story out of the depths of the past.

Of the Narragansett Indians in general, we might write at length; a tribe which, in respect of culture, and what are commonly known as the arts of civilization, were far in advance of all other aboriginal inhabitants of our soil. There was no necessity for them to wander here and there in search of game, and so they had settled themselves down in towns and villages, and the resident rural population of this region is supposed to have been more numerous in their day than it is at present. With their extensive corn-fields, the furrows of which may now be seen, where they raised such crops that we read of a largeness of not less than a thousand bushels of corn as having been given by the authorities at one time to certain persons whom it was expedient to conciliate; with their skill and ingenuity in various styles of manufacture (for, long before the white man built his mills, and the whirl of spindles was heard in Rhode Island, there were preshadowings of her preëminence in this department); with their enterprise in commerce and trade—for the Narragansetts built canoes, large enough to carry forty or fifty people, with their freight and luggage, and in these boats they traversed the seas, selling their goods, and their maize, and their fish, to other tribes; with their compact and well-ordered government, where we hear of no bribery, no Dorr wars, no rivalry of great families, no senatorial escapades; with their loftier views of morals and religion, as compared with the grosser beliefs of other Indians; it is easy to see how it came, to pass that the Narragansetts towered above all their brethren.

And the time would fail if we should go on to tell how abominably they were afterward treated by the white men; how they were robbed, and betrayed, and massacred, until, now, there are left only a few forlorn remnants of the race, to whom the State doles out a little pittance every year to save them from starvation.

In a short time they too will have vanished from the earth; and while old Indian Rock continues, generation after generation, to defy the winds and the waves, the Indian people will all have gone where the antediluvians went before them.

### A CONTEMPORARY OF NELSON AND NAPOLEON.

ON the ninth day of March, 1869, the one hundred and fourth birthday of a gallant soldier was celebrated by a breakfast-party in New York City, at which Admiral Farragut and a number of regular and ex-volunteers of the army were present. Only two years before the old hero's birth, the lot on which St. Paul's Church now stands, on the block below the Astor House, was ploughed and sowed with wheat, and New York had a population of only fourteen thousand souls, yet our venerable friend is still a comparatively hale and healthy man, able

"to shoulder his crutch,  
And show how fields were lost and won"—

is still able to make occasional business visits to Wall Street,

is always in his seat at church on Sundays, and still finds pleasure in society and social amusements.

Captain Frederick L—— was born in Lambeth Parish, London, March 9, 1766, and for the last quarter of a century has been a resident of this city. His step is firm, and his figure erect, with unimpaired mind and a cheery manner. As a commissioned officer in the British army eighty years ago, and as a traveller and explorer in Asia, Africa, and Australia, he has probably had more varied and marvellous experiences of life than any man now living. Although born before Napoleon, or his great adversary Wellington, our old friend is still strong in body and mind, as Labryère says of one of his characters, "years with him have not twelve months, nor add to his age."

The grandfather of Captain L—— was a native of France, and attained the rank of major in the French army; he was driven from his native land, being a Huguenot, by Louis XIV.'s revocation of the Edict of Nantes, October 22, 1685; and, in company with some of his comrades, fled to Prussia, where the Huguenot industry and skill aided in no small degree to lay the basis of the present powerful kingdom, whose helm is held in the firm grasp of Bismarck. The venerable captain's father was attached to the Prussian legation in London, where he married an English lady, the mother of the subject of this sketch. He was educated at the military academy at Croydon; entered the English army with an ensign's commission in October, 1789; fought with the Sixtieth British Rifles in Holland under the Duke of York, in 1793; served in Denmark with the troops coöperating with the navy under Lord Nelson, at the capture of Copenhagen; accompanied Lord Castlereagh as a military member of his staff to the famous Vienna Congress; witnessed the celebrated interview between Napoleon and Alexander on the river Niemen, in 1807; fought under Wellington in the Anglo-Hispano army in the Peninsular campaign, where he volunteered to lead a forlorn hope in an attack upon a French redoubt, which was carried with a loss of fifty-nine killed and wounded, out of a command of less than one hundred men. It was in this desperate assault, and in the moment of victory, that he was struck down by a blow on the head from a sabre, and was for some time insensible and supposed to be dead. For this daring deed he was promoted by Wellington and decorated with a medal which he wears on certain occasions when *en grand tenue*. Captain L—— captured an American vessel off the coast of Africa, during the second war with Great Britain, he being at the time in command of an army transport; and in 1816 he assisted for three months in guarding Napoleon at St. Helena, and held frequent conversation with the Great Captain, whom he considers was most shamefully treated by the brutal Sir Hudson Lowe. He sold his commission in the British army in 1818, and, after varied experiences in almost every quarter of the globe, took up his residence in New York. His widowed daughter and grandson, who accompanied him to the United States, have since died, leaving him childless and alone in the world, but not without troops of friends. Left for dead on the battle-field of Busaco, there is no token of what he suffered but a deep scar, showing where he was struck by the French *sabreur*, and a valued medal; taken up for a drowned man on the shores of Algoa Bay near the Cape of Good Hope, after suffering shipwreck, the only permanent consequence he has experienced has been the loss of his fortune, which went down with his wife, in the vessel. When the Prince of Wales visited the United States ten years ago, he invited the captain to return to England, promising to place him on the retired army list, on half-pay, but the old hero was too deeply attached to his adopted home to leave it. During the riots of 1863 he confronted a mob and saved a life at the imminent peril of his own. On the occasion of the reception given by Admiral Farragut on his noble flag-ship, the Franklin, before his departure for Europe, in June, 1867, Captain L——, then more than a century old, was

present, and, after being on his feet for several hours, appeared to be less fatigued than some others who were twoscore years his juniors.

His habits of life are entirely different from those of his fellow-men. He rises at three, breakfasts before daylight, dines at noon, takes his tea about five, and before fashionable Gothamites sit down to dinner the captain is comfortably ensconced in his bed. He does not retire with the birds, but before them, his hour being six o'clock. He remarked to the writer, with whom he rode home from the reception referred to above, at half-past seven, that he had not sat up so late in twenty years. For forty years his life was maintained by a daily dose of seventy-five grains of opium, having on two different occasions been compelled to increase the dose to one hundred and fifty grains. Within a few years he reduced his daily dose to forty grains, when, finding his health failing, he was entirely restored by a single dose of one hundred grains. Perhaps there is not on record another similar case of benefit being derived from the use of opium, of which for many years the veteran soldier consumed twenty-five pounds per annum.

When Captain L—— was a young man of eighteen, he often saw Dr. Johnson in the streets of London, going to or from his famous house in Bolt Court. The latter had known Alexander Pope, who knew "honest John Dryden"—who had associated with the immortal Milton—who is said to have been patted on the head by William Shakespeare. How small the number of links in the chain which connect us with the Elizabethan era! How few are the rungs of the ladder of time on which we return to the glorious days of "good Queen Bess," and the literary gayety of which the "immortal Williams" was the bright particular star. The captain, Johnson, Pope, Dryden, Milton—only five men in direct line from the time of Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. Take the ascent only a single degree farther, and we have Elizabeth, who talked with Shakespeare, Sidney, and Spenser; and whose father was born in 1491, less than half a century from the time when John Guttenberg invented cut-metal type, and commenced working the first edition of the Bible.

In contemplating the lengthened career of the venerable captain, the mind naturally recurs to the immense changes which have taken place during its continuance. When he was born there was not a single settlement in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, or Kentucky. It was not till 1769 that the adventurous Boone left his home in North Carolina to penetrate the Western wilderness. The population of the United States was less than two millions, and was perhaps the most loyal part of the British empire. There were only four newspapers, whose combined circulation did not exceed two thousand copies, and cylinder presses, steam-engines, railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs, had not been imagined.

## THE WOMAN QUESTION.

WE publish this week, from advance-sheets, an abstract of the opening argument of Mr. J. S. Mill's new book on the "Subjection of Woman," which the publishers of this journal will shortly issue by arrangement with the author. It has been looked for with great interest, and will be carefully and widely read, while it cannot fail to be influential in shaping opinion upon the question. Mr. Mill's high position, both as a thinker and as a representative of advanced ideas, together with the fact that this subject is one which has long and deeply interested his feelings, will give influence and authority to his views, such as no other living man could exert.

Into the discussion of the general question it will be time enough to enter when we have completely before us the exposition of its grounds and claims by the acknowledged intellectual leader of the new movement; but there is one consideration to which it is proper to draw attention now. Mr. Mill's

frame of mind, in reference to the subject, is obviously very different from that of his American coadjutors. Recognizing its difficulties, he puts its claims on broad grounds of reason, and asks for its thorough and deliberate consideration. So far from being settled, he sees that it is hardly yet opened, and, before judgment is rendered and action taken, he demands that discussion shall go to the roots of the matter. He says:

"The least that can be demanded is, that the question should not be considered as prejudged by existing fact and existing opinion, but open to discussion on its merits, as a question of justice and expediency: the decision on this, as on any of the other social arrangements of mankind, depending on what an enlightened estimate of tendencies and consequences may show to be most advantageous to humanity in general, without distinction of sex. And the discussion must be a real discussion, descending to foundations, and not resting satisfied with vague and general assertions."

Nothing can be more just than this demand, and it should bind inflexibly all parties to the discussion. This is exactly the subject that is not to be slurred over with commonplace assumptions. The factors upon which its solution depends are undetermined questions of the highest order. The true objects of education, and how much can be accomplished by it; the grounds and proper restrictions of suffrage; the interpretation of marriage, the social evil, the rights of children, the scope of legislation, and the mental and moral constitution of the sexes—these subjects are all unsettled, and all these are wound into the very core of the woman-question. To the complexity which pertains to all the higher social problems, an element of delicacy is here added which greatly increases the embarrassment of its treatment. No subject involves such intensities of feeling, or is so enveloped in traditional prejudices which blind the judgment and baffle the reason. There are, besides, great practical evils in the circumstances of woman which cry loudly for rectification—sufferings which move the profoundest sympathies and prompt to action, whether action be wise or not. If ever a subject required to be approached with caution, and treated with deliberation; if ever a discussion should appeal to the largest knowledge and the widest experience; if ever circumspection was demanded in the use of the coarse expedients of overt reform, and the deepest faith in the slow-working, indirect agencies of social amelioration—certainly these conditions require to be fulfilled now, with all fidelity, in treating the question of the capacities, duties, rights, and social destiny of woman.

Well, therefore, may Mr. Mill demand a deliberate and searching analysis of the grounds of the subject. But this, we submit, is very far from the temper or the tactics of the managers of the movement on this side of the Atlantic. The indications that the subject is to be coolly investigated, with the view of getting down to the stable basis of Nature's truth, do not abound. There is an endless iteration of grievances and a wearisome obtrusion of political commonplaces; but, from what we can gather, one would never suspect that, beneath all this foam of passion and rhetoric, there are certain laws and principles of the human constitution and human character which it belongs to science to explain, and upon which the whole subject finally hinges. We ask for the data upon which to form a judgment of the question, and are coolly told that there is really no question about it; that it is a one-sided subject, and, its postulates being self-evident, is settled in the very terms of its enunciation. Nor is the inquirer left to draw the ungracious inference, but is plumply told that none but stupid old fogies and ignoramus will oppose the movement. Our most widely-circulated organ of progressive opinion declares, editorially, that "wisdom, eloquence, zeal, courage, practical talent, and social respectability, are all on one side, and only ignorance on the other." Nor is this all. Not only is the question settled, but we are informed that the settlement is divinely ratified. It has gone forth from our most influential pulpit that "God has called woman into a new sphere, and she must obey." And so it is agreed that, the

subject having passed the stage of inquiry, and being duly understood in all its multiplex bearings and blessed with heavenly approbation, we may now proceed to recentre the social mechanism—to abolish old spheres and create new—may now pass to the second stage, in which theoretical conclusions are to be reduced to practice. This phase of the movement has accordingly been inaugurated in true American style, with all the clatter and clap-trap of a popular agitation. The question of reconstructing the family and putting home relations upon a new basis is to be slavered through the dirty puddles of American politics. Radical claims are put forth; the watchword is "revolution;" half a race is to be emancipated; all sorts of good things per day are promised when woman shall vote, and the whole is to be carried by the excitement of rub-a-dub conventions and all the vulgar arts of election campaigning.

Here we interpose an emphatic protest. This is the one supreme question which is not to be sprung by a snap-judgment. The first stage has been "jumped." There has not been "a real discussion, descending to foundations, and not resting satisfied with vague and general assertions." The literature of the subject in this country is in the last degree superficial and chaotic. As for the divine sanction, we doubt the report. Who operates the celestial telegraph? The divine indorsement is not to be obtained for any thing but the truth; and truth, on such a subject as this, is only to be arrived at by calm, unprejudiced, and long-protracted investigation. We protest not against opening this important inquiry concerning woman's position and how it may be best improved—such an inquiry, conscientiously and ably conducted, will be productive of great good; but we protest against the complacent assumption that the case is already closed and ready for the verdict.

Mr. Mill made the wise observation years ago, that "on all great questions much yet remains to be said." Subjects of thought come down to us through centuries of sifting, and mole-eyed observers say that they are "exhausted," but clear-sighted inquirers know better. Even in the lower spheres of research, there seems no finality. The animal body has been dissected with infinite assiduity, down to its last filaments, and hunted through and through with microscopes, yet its ultimate interpretations are still before us. But, if this be true of comparatively simple subjects, how much more must it be true of those involving higher complications? If it be true of subjects with which the mightiest intellects have wrestled for ages, how much more must it be true of those which challenged scrutiny but yesterday? Let our fervid reformers, therefore, intermit a little of their impetuosity, and, recognizing as they do that this is a "great question," remember that there is much more to be thought and said about it. There is plenty of time. The Power which instituted the existing order waited through countless ages before men and women were introduced into the scheme at all; and, when introduced, long periods again elapsed before they were brought up to their present state of improvement. The policy according to which things are ruled is infinitely deliberate; and the policy by which they are to be amended must, at all events, have sufficient deliberation about it to bring out the conditions upon which all real and permanent improvement depends.

#### TABLE-TALK.

THE great social and political romance of Victor Hugo, now publishing in the columns of this JOURNAL, promises to be the masterpiece of this author's remarkable genius. In depth of intuition, in power of delineation, in its terrible invective, in the audacity with which masks are stripped off and the inner realities of human life laid bare, in its bold originality of plot and breadth of philosophic purpose, nothing that Victor Hugo has before done can be compared with the present performance. In his few words of preface, the author states that this is the first of three works which might be termed "The Aristocracy," "The Monarchy," and "Ninety-Three," and which



will present the social life of the eighteenth century. The present work, which opens in 1689, and closes in the reign of Queen Anne, exemplifies the life of the English aristocracy; "The Monarchy" will be devoted to France under the Bourbons; and "Ninety-Three" will take up the French Revolution. "The Man Who Laughs" is an allegorical romance. Gwynplaine, the character with the countenance mutilated in childhood into a ghastly deformity, "By order of the king," is the symbol of the people. To those who can discern the author's deeper purpose there is a tragic fascination in the movement of his dramatic elements. The Springfield Republican thus refers to the work:

"It may easily be understood that this is a novel of quite another fashion from those that England and America pour forth in such abundance. It is an earnest, undaunted, thrilling, but sometimes unreadable, appeal for the wretched against the heartless oppressors. It is didactic and symbolical. Toward the end, the author says that the perpetual grin of the laughing man is an image of the supposed contentment of the nations under their oppressors. 'The mutilation of his face meant *Jesu's Regie*; it was solemn evidence of the crime committed by kings on him—a symbol of the crime committed by royalty upon the people.' It abounds with faults of taste and blunders in orthography, and exemplifies in the highest degree the weakness no less than the strength of Victor Hugo. But, take it for all in all, it is the book of the year."

— With the true artist, all seasons are summer, and all times suitable for the study of Nature. It is true that our painters are not yet dotting all our mountain-sides, and wandering up and down our shores, as we shall find them a little later in the season. But June has its charms no less than other seasons. The virgin grace of the young summer—the full, pure, ripe green of the first foliage, ere July suns have scorched it or August heats touched it here and there with the premonitory sere of autumn—has its claims upon the artist-eye no less potent than many-colored October. Our illustration on our first page, hence, does not anticipate the artist's vacation. A little later, such scenes will doubtless be more abundant; but, from the first swelling of the spring buds, through all the changing periods of Nature's panorama until the "melancholy days" of drear and dun November are reached, there is no time that the painter does not seek for new aspects of the face of Nature for his sketch-book, or cannot find it profitable to erect his umbrella, plant his camp-stool, set up his easel, and surrender himself to the study and the reproduction of hazy skies, or waving foliage, or far-off, mellowing hill-tops. As to the painter's companion in Mr. Winslow Homer's sketch, we will let our readers frame what romance pertaining to her they may please. A love-story could be woven out of the situation, although some crusty critic might declare that the man is far too much absorbed in his labors, too utterly heedless of the young woman at his elbow, for their relationship to be any thing else than that of man and wife. But let each of our readers decide this for himself.

— The attention of the general reader is not unfrequently attracted by the recurrence and resuscitation of old jokes or "Joes." It has been suggested that they may come round periodically, like comets, meteoric showers, pestilences, and seventeen-year locusts. Perhaps the most venerable stager is the glass of wine that was so small for its age. Mr. John Forster seriously assigns this to Foote, and another late writer gives it to a Scotch judge of the last century. It was probably an old joke already in the time of Athenæus (beginning of the third century), since he credits with it two of the frail sisterhood to whose witticisms and naughtinesses he has devoted a whole book of his voluminous work, in which, be it remarked, may be found many supposed modern inventions, *bills-of-fare*, for instance. We were for a long time in hope that a popular masonic signal would turn up somewhere in it; but we believe no curious person has ever been able to trace that farther back than Rabelais, whose hero, Panurge, makes good use of it against an English doctor of signs. The "Joe" of the travelling snip who confounded *tout à l'heure* with two tailors has recently been exhumed in "Notes and Queries." It is apparently very old. We first heard it located in a New-Orleans restaurant, with a supplement about *du café pour quatre et le pousse*, the sounds *cat* and *puss* completing the consternation of the unlucky *schneider*, who suspected the French of—what shall we call it, *galeophagy* or *colurophagy*?—that is, in plain English, cat-eating. The Creoles always call the small glass of liquor, or *liqueur*, at the end of the dinner, *pousse-café*. We wonder if any philologist has ever made out a glossary of current Creole French? There are some very funny corruptions in it; *amour*, for *armoire*, is one of them. In several of our Southern cities upholsterers will call a wardrobe an *amour*, even when

the article is by no means "a love of a thing," as ladies say. It does not follow as a matter of course that a repeated jest is not original with, that is, to, the repeater. Thus, we have good reason to believe that the jokelet about tea making Poe a poet was concocted independently on both sides of the Atlantic. Bulls, Hibernian or otherwise, certainly often preserve their characteristic by being original with different persons in different places. Take the well-known *two-legged bird* that ate the fruit. He is an old Cantab, that bird; yet we have heard of him from ladies who were perfectly in earnest, and had never read "Amos on Classical Education." The last appearance of this ornithological phenomenon was two years ago, in an illustrated London paper, and he then exhibited a new tail—as it were, a very happy appendix. Hodge and Rafe, walking their cart-horses home, stop to chat. "Foine weather," says Hodge; "heard a cuckoo last night." Rafe, sarcastically—"Get out! 'twas a two-legged cuckoo, I'm thinking." Hodge, indignantly—"Noa! it war a proper [real] cuckoo, it war." We need not question the possibility of *remaking* jokes, when we remember how all operations of the intellect have a tendency to reproduce themselves, how many antique religions and social heresies reappear as new theories, how many exploded and forgotten inventions are presented at the patent-office. Discoveries made almost simultaneously, like those of the planet Neptune, belong to a different category of mental phenomena. The higher-civilized mind has been educated and developed up to a certain point in various departments, and it is the mere accident of a day or a month who takes the next step in advance.

— A friendly correspondent writes to us in reference to the use, in "Table-Talk," a few weeks ago, of the word *humanitarian*. The term was employed as descriptive of a proposed tract-society which, as distinguished from that already existing, should have for its object the distribution of tracts on those subjects that affect the immediate and temporal well-being of the people. Our correspondent quotes to us Webster's definition of the term *humanitarian*—"One who denies the divinity of Christ, and believes Him to be a mere man"—and remarks: "I have often been puzzled at this flagrant discrepancy between our standard of language and the usage of writers and speakers. . . . Allow me to trouble you by inquiring what authority we have for the common signification of the word as applied daily by our best authors?" The italics of the last two words are our own. The question, by the use of these words, is really answered in propounding it. The usage of the best authors is the sole authority for the employment of words. It is the duty of dictionaries to record what this usage is; and, when they fail to do so, they are so far incomplete. It is not their proper province to make their own meanings, to arbitrarily limit or arbitrarily enlarge the use of words, or to do any thing more than to set down what usage is, when sanctioned by scholarly authority. Dictionaries, however, are usually more rigid than authoritative usage, and the style of our "best authors" would lose a little in flexible grace if always held to arbitrary definitions. The tendency is always to enlarge the scope of words; indeed, nearly all have their primary, their secondary, and some their tertiary meaning. The word *humanitarian* long since broke the bounds of the definition quoted by our correspondent, and is used very generally to describe the interests that pertain to humanity.

— Will the reader, before perusing this paragraph, turn to the poem in the present number, called "Only the Clothes that She Wore," and read it? It will strike him probably with awe when he learns that these tender and tragical lines only just foreshadowed the death of their author. They were, we believe, the last he ever penned. Within a few hours after parting from us and receiving the price of his verses, he died from the effects of intemperance. This was Saturday, the twenty-second of May. Mr. Shepherd—this was his name—was well known as a contributor to the magazines, and as a writer of fluent and often excellent poems, and distinguished in certain circles in New York as a representative Bohemian. He had wit, genius, and prepossessing manners, but was ruined by his passion for drink. His literary industry was of the spasmodic kind, which only exhibited activity when he was pressed by want, and then he would rapidly indite a few stanzas or a brief sketch, and, hastening with it to some newspaper or periodical, sell it for what he could obtain. The poem to which we have already referred the reader is marked by pathos and tenderness; it illustrates an incident full of tragical suggestions; and its whole mournful spirit may be accepted as a requiem for its author, as well as for the victim whose unknown fate it endeavors to imagine.

### Scientific and Literary Notes.

THE Royal Geographical Society of England has awarded the Victoria Medal to Mrs. Somerville for her labors on the subject of physical geography; whereupon the editor of the *Scientific Opinion* declares that the proceeding is one that cannot be defended. In the first place, it denies that there is properly any such science as physical geography. The term is applied to a barbarous *mélange* of some two or three departments of knowledge, and has about as much claim to recognition, as a branch of scientific inquiry, as "the use of globes" in a young ladies' seminary. He affirms that the problems of so-called physical geography belong to geology, and have been elaborately and philosophically dealt with by Mr. Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology." All that relates to the various changes of the earth's surface belongs to pure geology; while the distribution of organic life belongs to its biological branch, of which the distribution of extinct forms pertains, again, to its paleontological division. He therefore thinks that the Royal Geographical Society is getting over-ambitious in its efforts to absorb what does not belong to it, and in this, the writer thinks, it is laboring under an hallucination. He says: "Mrs. Somerville is a most estimable lady, and is, in regard to knowledge of scientific facts, and, indeed, in reference to scientific research, before nearly all her countrywomen. But we candidly avow our conviction that she has not deserved the Victoria Medal for her labors in physical geography. Viewing the award of the Society from an impartial stand-point, we conclude that it was a triple mistake. It is wrong, in that, if merited, it should have been given years since; it is wrong, in that the Geographical Society can hardly include physical geology; and it is wrong, in that Mrs. Somerville's treatise is obviously a very imperfect and tolerably incomprehensive work."

It is well understood that the cause of the phenomena of seasons is the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit; and the differences of terrestrial climate from the present, which are believed to have existed in post-geological times, are supposed to be connected with a change of this inclination of the earth's axis. But what and whence are the causes which have changed it? The general opinion has been that they are astronomical, and due to the varying attractive influences of the planets. But a book has just been published by Mr. Samuel Molesman, in which the change is ascribed to geological causes. His theory is as follows: "The earth, in an early period of its history, had its axis of rotation at right angles to the plane of its orbit. At this time its surface was all of water—no land had yet been upheaved. Volcanic agencies, acting then with greater violence than in recent times, because of the less resistance of the earth's crust, cast up in a succession of upheavals the continents of the Northern hemisphere. This upheaval of land in the Northern was accompanied by a complementary depression in the Southern hemisphere; the formation of the continents in the latter hemisphere did not occur till a much later period in the earth's history. This disturbance of the position of the solid portions of the earth threw by degrees the axis of the earth's rotation into obliquity with the plane of its orbit, until this obliquity, by the succession of upheavals, became at least twice as great as it is at present. A transference of volcanic activity from the Northern to the Southern hemisphere, producing there the Southern continents, but principally that of South America, then took place, giving rise to a gradual diminution of the obliquity of the earth's axis, still going on at the present time. This degree of obliquity was greatest at the commencement of the older tertiary formation, and at that period, therefore, the tropical climate enjoyed by Europe began to pass away."

It is a well-known fact that, even independently from the effects of rain and wind, glass, even of good quality, is affected by sunlight. The late Dr. Faraday made some observations concerning this subject, and found that violet-colored glass became deeper and more intensely colored than it originally was, after having been exposed to direct sunlight for eight months. Mr. Graffield, of Boston, U. S., who has been for more than twenty years in the wholesale glass-trade, and is at the same time a good observer, has recently sent to the Photographic Society of Marseilles a series of the results of his researches and observations on this subject, in which he comes to the conclusion (which is especially important to photographers) that glass is even sensibly affected after one single day's exposure to the sun's rays, and that all glass, without exception, including that used for optical purposes, is more or less acted upon, even when made from the best materials and by most experienced workmen; greenish glass seems to become the least affected. The author has sent to Marseilles a series of photographs representing the tinge and changes produced in divers varieties and kinds of glass after exposing them to sunlight.—*Cosmos*.

Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, the young astronomer who has recently distinguished himself by his brilliant spectroscopic discoveries in relation to the chromosphere of the sun, has just been elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

"The Wedding-day in all Ages and Countries" is the title of a new work from the press of Harper & Brothers. In this book we find an exhaustive record of all the ceremonies pertaining to betrothal and marriage now existing, or that have existed, so far as they can be gleaned from history, in the different countries of the globe. The material thus gathered is abundantly curious. Ceremonies connected with marriage have varied greatly, and yet they seem, through all changes, to possess certain family resemblances. Almost all peoples have delighted in surrounding this event with a vast amount of ceremonious details, and, although our modern life is charged with overdoing it, yet the most pretentious celebration of our fashionable life is simplicity itself compared to what it is in some other countries, or has been in other ages. This work not only gives an account of marriage ceremonies, but includes the superstitions and folk-lore that have prevailed at different times in connection with an event which every age has seemed to consider one of the most interesting in the life of man.

The Right Rev. Thomas M. Clarke, Bishop of Rhode Island, has published a little volume which he entitles "Primary Truths of Religion," in which he designs to "meet the unsettled condition of mind, in regard to the fundamental principles of morals and religion, which prevails so extensively in our community. The writer" (we quote from the preface) "has endeavored to be candid and honest in the treatment of these subjects, and may sometimes have seemed to make concessions which will expose him to rebuke and criticism from those who, never having had any serious doubts themselves, can have no sympathy with troubles that sorely perplex the minds of others. He has, however, been careful to yield nothing essential to the truth, and nothing which the truth did not oblige him to yield." This little work may be considered as the believer's manual. It gathers the evidence of the truth of revelation, and the principles which underlie religious faith, in a form that is at once compact, clear, and comprehensive.

Messrs. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, have published, in a handsome octavo volume, a work entitled "The Mississippi Valley: its Physical Geography, including Sketches of the Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology, and Mineral Resources; and of the Progress and Development in Population and Material Wealth," by J. W. Foster, LL. D., President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This somewhat long title-page explains the character and scope of the book. The author, in his preface, further indicates the plan of his treatise. "It was," he says, "with a view of illustrating the productions between the forest, prairie, and desert; the varying conditions of temperature and moisture, and their effects in determining the range of those plants cultivated for food; and, at the same time, to trace the character of the fundamental rocks over the whole of this region, pointing out the mode of occurrence of those ores and minerals useful in the arts; and, finally, to trace the colonization of this region from its feeble beginnings to its present magnificent proportions, that this work was undertaken." This comprehensive purpose seems to be well carried out.

"Westward, ho!" is now the refrain of nearly all our plans and all our literature. Poets, essayists, journalists, historians, and writers of every kind, are mighty with this swelling theme. The press teems with records, adventures, exploits, histories, and researches, all pertaining to the Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Railroad, and all the countries and places connected therewith. Among the numerous books of this kind, we have one before us that would seem to have considerable value. It is termed "Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains," by A. K. McClure (published by Lippincott & Co.), and contains a vast fund of information as to the people and resources of the Rocky-Mountain Territories. The greater part of the contents was first published in the form of letters to the *New-York Tribune*.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have added to their Household Edition of Dickens's works, "Master Humphrey's Clock," which of late years has not been included in either the English or American editions of Dickens's works. "Master Humphrey's Clock" originally included "Bar-naby Rudge" and "Old Curiosity Shop," and consisted simply of introductory chapters to those tales, which, by Mr. Dickens's sanction, have not appeared in the recent regular editions of his works. In this volume the publishers have appended a complete list of all of Dickens's characters.

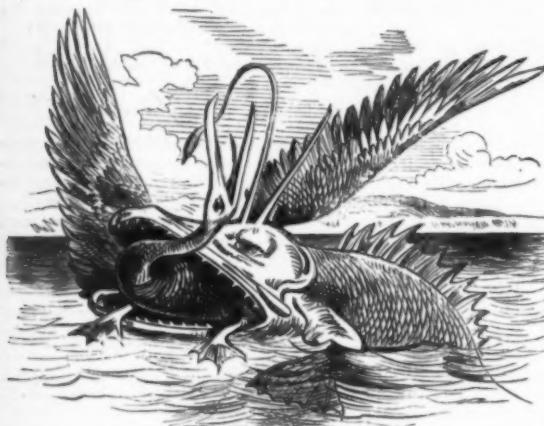
"Ten Thousand Miles of Travel, Sport, and Adventure," by Captain Townsend; "My Holiday in Austria," by Lizzie Selina Eden; "The Life of Edmund Kean;" "Rome and Venice, with other Wanderings in Italy," by George Augustus Sala, "The Life and Correspondence of Mary Russell Mitford;" "The Antipodes and round the World; or, Travels in China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and California," by Mr. Godfrey Clark—are among the new books appearing from the English press.

Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Gaskell are the most popular in France of the English authors.

## The Museum.

OUR Museum, a fortnight ago, contained a representation and description of that curiosity of the waters, the angler-fish. From the *London Times* we copy an account of a remarkable exploit of this creature, in the way of catching birds, and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins has favored us with a graphic pictorial representation of the adventure:

"On the forenoon of Saturday last, some of the fishermen resident at Ackergill, while pursuing their avocation in the bay, had their attention directed to a large fish struggling and plunging on the surface of the water, at no great distance from their boat. Presuming that the fish had got attached to some of their lines, and that, in consequence, it could be secured easily, they at once directed their course toward it; but a closer approach revealed, to their surprise, the true source of its annoyance. The fish, while swimming near the surface in search of prey, had



The Angler-Fish catches a Loon.

seized hold of some large bird, which it had partly swallowed, but which it was unable, from the size and energetic resistance of its victim, to drag beneath. The singular appearance of the widely-spread wings of the bird, which frantically thrashed the water, at one extremity, and the occasional glimpse which was obtained of the tail of the fish, at the other, induced the fishermen to believe that they had fallen in with some rare nondescript, and the sea-staff was immediately put in requisition to secure the interesting prize. By a dexterous use of this effective weapon, the fish was hooked and secured, and the whole affair incontinently hauled in triumph over the gunwale. The principal actor in this scene was then at once recognized as an old acquaintance by the boat's crew. His jaws were unceremoniously wrenched open, and the bird, still alive, released from its uncomfortable position. The victim of this novel strait proved to be a fine specimen of that large and powerful species, the great northern diver, a bird unsurpassed

for its speed and power in the water. It is generally known as the 'loom,' or 'ember-goose.' The fish, which measured between three and four feet in length, is known as the 'fishing-frog,' or 'angler,' the latter name derived from the singular manner in which it entices its prey within reach. The mouth of this fish is of extraordinary width; from the top of its head rises a series of delicate, stalk-like appendages, terminated by glistening filaments bearing a pretty close resemblance to certain marine worms. The animal remains stationary in some favorable position, and, as the vibration of these appendages attracts, small fishes are at once seized upon, and deposited in the capacious maw of the fish. It is probable that the bird, in this instance, had been deceived by the tempting lure into thrusting its head into such dangerous proximity, and that the fish had suddenly closed its jaws upon it, and refused, or was unable, to relax its hold until it was secured in the manner related above. The flesh of the fish is held in no repute."

Captain Maury considers the Gulf Stream equal to a stream 33 miles broad and 1,200 feet deep, flowing at a rate of 5 knots (33,415 feet) an hour. This gives 6,166,700,000,000 cubic feet per hour as the quantity of water conveyed by this stream. Sir John Herschel's estimate is still greater; he considers it equal to a stream 30 miles broad and 2,300 feet deep, flowing at the rate of 4 miles an hour; this makes the quantity 7,359,900,000,000 cubic feet per hour. Sir John estimates the temperature of the water at 86° Fahr.

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### CONTENTS OF NO. 12, JUNE 19, 1869.

	PAGE
"THE ARTIST IN THE COUNTRY." (Illustration.)	353
THE THREE BROTHERS. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownings," etc. (From advance-sheets.)	354
BELLA'S DEFEAT. By Riter Fitzgerald.	356
SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS THE SCULPTOR: NO. II. By Henry W. Bellows.	359
MY FLOWER. By P. Mahon.	360
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND. By Victor Hugo.	361
BUTTERFLIES. (Illustrated.)	368
WHAT A SNOW-FLAKE MAY COME TO: Stage the First—The Ice-Sea. By Dr. I. I. Hayes.	370
"ONLY THE CLOTHES THAT SHE WORE." By N. G. Shepherd.	372
JOHN STUART MILL ON THE "SUBJECTION OF WOMEN."	373
APPLE-BLOSSOMS. By Eugene Benson.	374
INDIAN ROCK.	375
A CONTEMPORARY OF NELSON AND NAPOLEON. By James Grant Wilson.	376
THE WOMAN QUESTION.	376
TABLE-TALK.	377
SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTES.	379
THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.)	380
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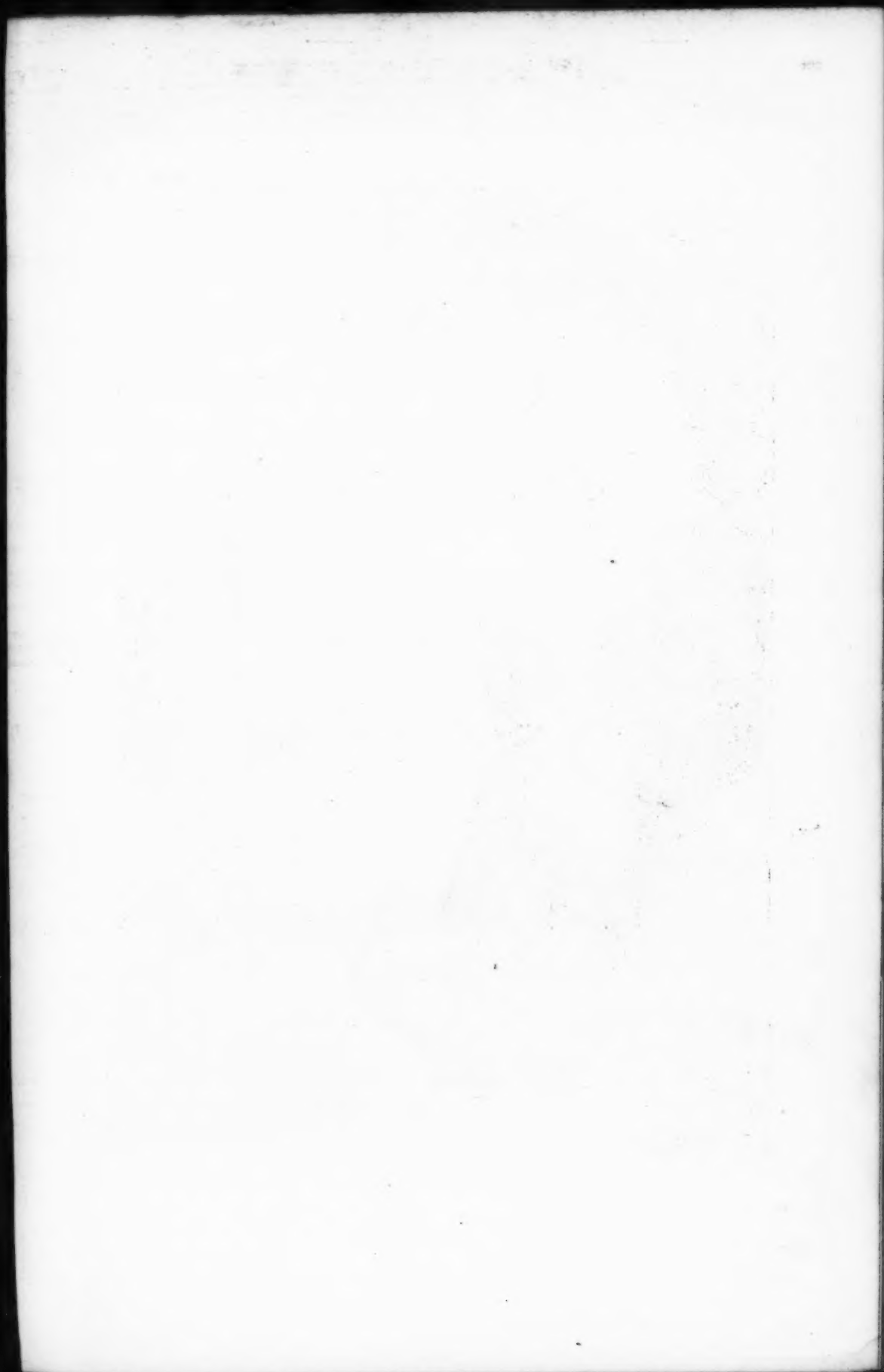
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